THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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HANDSOME PEOPLE.

That is What the Natives of Mayo, Sligo and Leitrim Are, According to the Knowledge of the Rev. Father Hogan, S.J.

He Knocks Sky-High the Libels of English and Anti-Irish Writers.

A lecture on "The Physical Characteristics of the Irish People, and Especially of the Inhabitants of Mayo, Leitrim, and Sligo," was delivered by the Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., at the new hall of the Catholic Club, Dublin. Mr. R. J. O'Mulrenin occupied the chair. Among those present were Very Rev. Thomas Finlay, S.J., F.R.U.I.; Rev. Fateer Darlington, S.J.; Very Rev. Father Carbery, S.J.; Prof. P. W. Joyce, LL.D.,; Count Plunkett; J. Casimer O'Meagher, J.P., M.R.I.A.; Dr. Sigerson; Prof. Haddon; Dr. Browne, Prof. T.C.D.; William P. Headen, M.A., M.S.A.; Joseph F. Martin, president Library Society; Dr. Conlon, B.L., auditor; Dr. Cox, M.R.I.A.; John A. Beeden, V.P.; W. E. Reigh; Thomas P. Quaid, treasurer; William E. White; J. L. J. Hughes, M. A. Doran, John Rooney, William Rooney, H. Bell, F.R.G.S.I.; Gerald Shalvey, J. Downes, J.P.; Alderman Toole, J.P.; D. Moran, John McDonagh, A. M. Keogh, Charles Gartlan, Frank O'Neill, R. H. O'Neill, P. D. Kavanagh, William Walsh, John McTernan, Thomas Monaghan, R. Conlan, J. P. Fitzgerald, Martin Gibson, H. White, M. Crowley, G. Coffey, B.L.; Rev. Professor Close, P. J. O'Keilly, Thomas Smith, Dr. Donnelly, Dr. Kennedy, T. Sykora, G. F. O'Connor, M.R.I.A.; John Conway, John Collins, D. J. Roantree, L. Hickey, Thomas Waller, Dr. O'Sullivan, E. A. Kearney, Dr. Dudley White, Dr. O'Connell, J. Delahoyde, M. McGowan, Daniel O'Brien, Thomas Brennan, J. Caffrey.

The chairman said that he should apologize for the absence of the lord mayor, who was to have taken the chair. He had intended to come, but pressure of business, the reception of Henry Irving, and other matters, had prevented him, so they should excuse his absence. The subject of the lecture that evening was the physical characteristics of the Irish people. Of course they were all anxious to make out that they were the finest people in the world, physically, morally, and intellectually, and he believed that Father Hogan, who was well up in the subject, and in all other Irish subjects, would give them proofs to that effect. O'Connell used to say when he began a speech often in the country, "You are the finest people in the world," and the people used to answer, "We are, we are" (laughter). There was some truth in it after all. Of course there was a little bit of blarney and flattery in it, but still there might be truth in blarney, and in this case he thought there was a great deal of truth, and as Father Hogan would show them, the Irish race as far as height, weight and strength were concerned, were as fine as any race in Europe if not superior to most (applause.)

The Rev. Father Hogan, who was received with loud applause, said the chairman in his opening remarks said something in a facetious way about the finest peasantry in the world. That expression had often been quoted, and quoted to be reprobated by English platform speakers, English newspaper writers, and he was sorry to say by Irishmen at home. It had been attributed to Daniel O'Connell, and it was said that he in order to flatter his countrymen called them the finest peasantry in the world. Now it was not O'Connell that said that at first. It was said by Lord Hutchinson, a Tipperary man, in the house of lords in the year 1805, soon after he had, with the help of the Irish, driven the French out of Egypt. He would prove to them from the mouths of English witnesses—English warriors, writers, and statesmen—that the Irish were not only a fine race of men, but much finer than the English. It might be in the recollection of the audience that the present Duke of Devonshire once quoted from a great statesman, who had retired from the field of politics, as saying that the doleful history of Ireland for centuries emboldened some of them (the English) to treat the Irish as being only entitled to a limited share in the great inheritance of human right, and to none whatever in the privilege of immunity from gross and wholesale insult. Now this wholesale and gross insult was a thing that was indulged in every day in England. Let them look at "Punch" and the English comic papers, and they invariably represented the Irishman as a low savage. Pinkerton, a Scotchman, had said—as if Scotchmen had not enough to do without scratching their neighbors—he had said that Irishmen were the veriest savages on the face of the globe. Mr. Parker Gilmore had said that there was a wide divergence between the Celt of Scotland and of Ireland, and that of all the races of human beings he had become acquainted with none that so much resembled the baboon as the Irishman (cries of shame). But there was no one could calumniate Ireland more successfully than the Irishman (hear, hear). In the *Dublin University Magazene* of 1836 an Irishman whose name he did not at present know, referred to the people of Mayo, Leitrim, and Sligo, and said they were remarkable for open, projecting mouths, exposed gums, advanced cheek bones, depressed noses, and that they displayed all the traces of barbarism. They were five feet two in height, pot-bellied, bow-legged, and dressed in rags. That statement had been copied by Dr. Hall, an eminent English writer, and also by eminent French and German writers. In fact it had found its way into every work written on the history of man since the year 1836. The migratory laborers that they saw in Dublin and England were, according to those writers, only five feet two in height and were unutterably ugly (laughter).

The lecturer then referred to the dash and prowess of the Connacht Rangers and the Faugh-a-Ballaghs, recruited in Mayo and Sligo, to refute the calumnies that the people of these counties were a race of pigmies. He (Father Hogan) had been in Mayo and the other counties and had got the people measured. The average height was about five feet seven or eight—that was about half a foot taller than they were represented to be. He had received numerous letters in reference to this question. Sir Andrew Reed, the Inspector-General of Constabulary, knew these counties very well, and had a special means of knowing the height of the people. He wrote: "In reference to your letter, Mr. Merg and I are of opinion that the extract from French writers is a completely erroneous description of the peasantry of the counties of Mayo and Sligo. We got a large number of recruits for the Royal Irish constabulary from these counties, and minimum height for the Royal Irish constabulary is 5 feet 9 inches." Lord Walter Fitzgerald had written that the people of Mayo struck him as being a kind-hearted and fine race of men. Mr. W. K. Sullivan, late president of the Queen's college, Cork, characterized the statement in reference to them as a stupid and malignant invention. The Marquis of Sligo had written: "As to height, Mayo and other Irishmen seem to be quite as tall and as well made as the English or any other nation." Mayor Leech, who was agent to a property on which lived 800 heads of families in the county Sligo, wrote: "For physique, intelligence and warm-heartedness I have never met anything so acceptable as I have seen in my own country. The libel is one of the worst I have seen in my life." Col. Maurice Blake, of the Mayo militia, wrote: "I have been over the greater part of Europe, and the people of these counties, Mayo especially, can bear favorable comparison with the people of most countries of Europe, and exceed many." The Rev. Maxwell Close had lived in Yorkshire, and had seen those Sligo men—migratory laborers. He stated that they were a fine race of men, and that the Irish peasant was a born gentleman compared with the English. The lecturer, having quoted several other authoritative letters in support of his statement, said that he had got the people in the counties referred to measured and photographed, and the evidence of Dr. Brown, of Trinity College, would be most valuable on that point, as he had been down there, and had taken the measures of the people of Achill, Arran, Innishark, Mayo, and all about there.

Dr. Brown, M.D., of the Anthropological Laboratory, T. C. D., who was received with applause, said he thought that the statistics of the recruiting department of the army and Gould's reports regarding the American army during the Civil War had done away with the idea of Irishmen generally being of small stature. When they considered that they had an extremely large police force composed entirely of men above the average stature; that, besides, they supplied a large number of recruits to the army who were certainly well up to the average; and that they had a considerable surplus left of the population from whom those big men were drawn, the people of this country could not, to say the least of it, be considered very much below the average; they must rather be above it (hear, hear).

By the aid of the lantern photographic illustrations, taken in the Arran Islands, in Innisboffin, in North Mayo, and other places, were then thrown on the screen, and proved according to Dr. Brown that the inhabitants of these districts were not a deformed or pot-bellied race as had been stated of them.

Dr. Sigerson proposed, and Count Plunkett seconded, a vote of thanks to the lecturer. It was supported by Dr. Cox and Mr. Wakeman, and passed with acclamation. A vote of thanks to the chairman brought the proceedings to a close.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Frederick Warde and Louis James, the representative tragedians of the American stage, commence an engagement at the Schiller next Sunday, Dec. 30, in a round of legitimate drama and Shakespearean tragedy and comedy. Their opening play will be Henry Guy Carleton's new romantic drama, "The Lion's Mouth," which has scored an immense success this season, and which the press critics of the leading Eastern cities unanimously declare to be one of the most interesting and fascinating dramas ever produced on the modern stage.

As Paul di Novara, an exile under the name of Rinaldo, Mr. Warde has created a magnificent stage character, one of intense, even fascinating interest, and which so well fits him that never has he been seen to more advantage. "The Lion's Mouth" affords some very unusual opportunities for beautiful scenic display. Messrs. Warde James bring all their scenic accessories and stage equipments, and the staging of "The Lion's Mouth" and also their Shakespearean repertory will be made very complete. There are fully two car loads of scenery for "The Lion's Mouth," the scenery of Othello, Henry IV and Julius Cæsar.

DEPLORES DISUNION.

Mr. James Killelea, of Nashville, Gives His Opinion on the Political Situation in Ireland.

What the Results of a General Election Would Be Under the Present Condition of Things.

The *Catholic Journal*, of Memphis, Tenn., contains the following letter from Mr. James Killelea:

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 9.—*Editor of the Catholic Journal:* At a meeting of the (McCarthyite) Irish Parliamentary party which was held in Dublin, Ireland, on Nov. 12, the deliberations were mainly concerned with questions of description and the settlement of internal troubles (according to the reports of the Irish papers), and the members only found time and thought for those anxious matters of consideration. Judging, however, from the trend of these discussions, and utterances of the leading members of the body and the writings, so far as they are inspired, of the only paper that voices their views, it would seem as if the whole of the next session of parliament is, with their assent, to be devoted, so far as Ireland is concerned, to the abstract and very complex matter of the house of lords.

Hon. Justin McCarthy, chairman of the Irish party, presided, and said: "I have to declare to you that the continuance of the public disputes is compatible with the safety of our movement. These disputes have lowered our prestige, our unity, our influence and our efficiency as a party force; have given joy to our enemies, have saddened and disheartened our own people at home and abroad, and finally have on more than one occasion brought the party and the whole movement to the very verge of financial bankruptcy, and thereby have very seriously prejudiced our political position. Again and again our friends in America have warned us that public disputes in Ireland put an end to their power of collecting money in America. In Canada Britain the same thing happens; in Ireland the same thing happens."

It has taken Mr. McCarthy and his wing of the Irish Parliamentary party four long years to find that out. I embody in this communication a letter I wrote four years ago to the Tuam, Ireland, *Herald*, cautioning the members of the Irish Parliamentary party to beware of what path they were following. The following is the letter:

"NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 30, 1890.—*Editor Tuam Herald, Dear Sir:* What a deplorable condition of political affairs the Irish Parliamentary party has brought on in Ireland! The crisis is dreadful; it is indeed a day of shame and humiliation for Ireland, and very heavy responsibilities have been incurred by several members of the Parliamentary party on account of the course they have chosen to adopt. The spectacle we have to contemplate is enough to make our blood boil with indignation. The principal sufferers are the tenants who have sacrificed all for Ireland, and who are now face to face with ruin brought on by the dissensions of the men in whom they trusted. Behind all this impending misfortune gaunt famine looms up to complete the miseries of unfortunate Ireland. Before the leaders of the Irish people tore down the bridge of unity over which they were marching to victory, provision should have been made for the evicted tenants, and their representatives should not have been so ready to put back the American hand stretched out to relieve them. They will have to taste the bitter fruit of the seed they are now sowing before they realize the consequences of their folly. JAMES KILLELEA."

Mr. McCarthy and his party find that they are completely stranded financially. As he also said in his address to the meeting, the aid received from American branches amounted to $1,000 weekly—£200—until the split came, then went down to nothing. Of course aid from the States then ceased.

The Irish Parliamentary party should be aware that we in America know that should a general election take place soon in Ireland, instead of having one Nationalist candidate to receive the united suffrage of a constituency there would be a McCarthyite and a Redmondite running for the same seat, with a probability of a Tory third candidate whose hopes of election would be based on the rancorous hate between the two Nationalist factions getting in.

The Irish Parliamentary party is aware that when a contest takes place in a constituency in Great Britain and Ireland each candidate has to pay contestation fees to the sheriff. These fees for each candidate will average from $2,000 to $3,000 in each constituency. There were eighty-six Nationalist constituencies before the split in the Nationalist party, and suppose contests should take place between McCarthyite and Redmondite candidates in sixty of these constituencies, at least $240,000 would have to be paid by the combined treasury of the two factions, whereas if the people were united the Nationalist candidates would be elected by acclamation, and this large sum of money would be saved to the Nationalist treasury.

It is pleasing to Ireland's kindred in this country to hear of Mr. McCarthy and his party plead for unity after four years of disunion. Mr. John E. Redmond and his followers should come to the front and plead for unity also, and become on thorough, solid, independent national party. The next general election the country will be aroused in Ireland over the great questions of the hour:

1. Veto of the lords.
2. Welsh disestablishment.
3. The Home Rule bill.
4. The Irish Land bill, which, like the Welsh disestablishment bill, is sure to be rejected by the lords.
5. Employers' liability bill, and.
6. Probably a Scotch disestablishment bill also.

Should the two Nationalist parties in Ireland become united and give dignity and honor to the Irish race in Ireland and let their kindred in the United States see that they are a practical, independent Irish National party, no matter how hard the times are financially we will take pleasure in coming to their aid for the Irish cause.

JAMES KILLELEA.

THE EXILE'S DREAM.

BY JOSEPH BRENAN.

I will go to holy Ireland,
The land of saint and sage,
Where the pulse of boyhood is leaping
In the shrunken form of age,
Where the shadow of giant hopes
For evermore is cast,
And the wraiths of mighty chieftains
Are looming through the past.

From the cold land of the stranger
I will take my joyous flight,
To sit by my slumbering country
And watch her through the night;
When Spring is in the sky,
And the flowers are on the land,
I will go to ancient Ireland
Of the open heart and hand.

I will go where the Galtees
Are rising bare and high,
With their haggard foreheads fronting
The scowl of the clouded sky;
I will gaze adown on the valleys
And bless the teeming sod,
And commune with the mountains,
"The almoners of God."

I will list the murmurous song
Which is rising from the river
That flows crooning to the ocean
For ever and for ever;
When the May month is come,
When the year is fresh and young
I will go to the home of my fathers—
The land of sword and song.

I will go where Killarney
Is sleeping in peaceful rest,
Unmoved save when a falling leaf
Ripples its placid breast.
Where the branches of oak and arbutus
Are weaving a pleasant screen,
And the sunshine breaks in diamonds
Through its tracery of green;

Where the mists like fantastic spectres
For ever rise and fall
And the rainbow of the covenant
Is spanning the mountains tall;
When the wind blows from the west,
Across the deep sea
I will sail to my Innisfail—
To the Isle of Destiny.

I will go to beautiful Wicklow,
The hunted outlaw's rest,
Which the tread of rebel and rapparee
In many a struggle prest;
I will go to the lonely graveyard
Near the pleasant fields of Kildare,
And pray for my chief and my hero,
Young Tone, who is sleeping there.

I will go to the gloomy Thomas street,
Where gallant Emmet died,
And to the grim St. Michan's,
Where "the Brothers" lie side by side;
I will go where the heroes
Of the ancient Celts are laid
And chant a Miserere
For the souls of the mighty dead.

I will seize my pilgrim staff
And cheerily wander forth
From the smiling face of the South
To the black frown of the North;
And in some hour of twilight
I will mount the tall Slieve Bloom,
And weave me a picture-vision
In the evening's pleasant gloom.

I will call up the buried leaders
Of the ancient Celtic race,
And gaze with a filial fondness
On each sternly noble face—
The masters of the mind
And the chieftains of the steel,
Young Carolan and Grattan,
The McCaura and O'Neill.

I will learn from their voices,
With a student's love and pride,
To live as they lived,
And to die as they died.
Oh! I will sail from the West,
And never more will part
For the ancient home of my people—
The land of the loving heart.

Real Faith never grows weak by having to wait. Sufferers taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for chronic complaints should be patient and the result will be satisfactory. Hood's Cures.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels, 25c.

CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALES.

Story of Strong Thomas, the Good-Natured Giant.

His Great Strength Brought Him Immense Wealth and Gained the Favors of the King.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

Good Farmer John and his wife were very much worried over the health of their only son, Thomas, who, in spite of all they could do for him, remained in the most delicate health until his twelfth year. He was so frail and weak that it seemed scarcely possible for him to live any length of time. Many famous physicians were called in and the wise men put on very grave faces and called his disease by a high-sounding name. Poor Tom was filled up with all kinds of nasty physic which only made him more sickly and delicate than before. His parents were in despair, when one day his uncle, a famous sea-captain, came home from a voyage and paid them a visit. When he listened to their story he told them he would take Tom off on a voyage with him and there was a chance of building up the boy's health and making him more robust.

Tom soon picked up the little box which his uncle gave him, and in the clothes which he brought with him his mother put a number of good things for him to eat on the voyage. He kissed his parents, who really never expected to see him again, and with tears in his eyes and a heavy heart, set out with his uncle and was soon on the ship with the land far behind him.

They sailed along for several days and at length came into a terrible storm. Mountain-high dashed the waves and the wind blew with such tremendous force that the vessel was dashed upon the shore and smashed to pieces during the night. Tom caught hold of a piece of timber that was floating in the water and was tossed high and dry on the shore. He made sure that he would not be washed in again by getting away quite a distance from the waves and being very much fatigued by his long battle in the water, fell fast asleep under the shelter of a huge rock.

The sun was high and shining brightly when Tom awoke from his sleep, and the storm had passed away. He arose and went down to the store and looked for his uncle and the crew of the vessel. Alas! on the sands, where they had been thrown up by the angry water, there lay the bodies of his good uncle and three of the seamen. Tom scooped out a couple of deep holes in the sand and dragged the bodies into them, covering them up well to protect them from the birds of prey. Wiping the tears from his eyes he turned inland and proceeded to look for something to eat. There was plenty of delicious fruit and Tom soon satisfied his hunger; his curiosity was not as easily satisfied, however, and he pushed on into the forest to see what was to be found there.

Through a forest filled with beautiful flowers, fruits and birds of gorgeous plumage, Tom journeyed on and at length perceived smoke rising above the trees. Knowing that it denoted the presence of human beings Tom plucked up courage and hastened his footsteps. Finally he came to an open space in the centre of which was a house from whence issued the sounds of a blacksmith's hammer.

When Tom reached the door of the smithy he shrank back on beholding the figures of the workmen. Instead of the ordinary mortals he expected to see there were five huge giants of fellows, all over eight feet tall and with great broad chests and shoulders. They saw him as quickly as he did them and in a kindly voice the master-smith bade him welcome and invited him to enter the house.

Feeling from their genial manner and kind faces that they were really friends Tom did not hesitate but walked boldly in. The seats were as high as his shoulder, but one huge fellow lifted him up and placed him sitting on one of the seats as easily as though Tom was as light as a feather. All the men then gathered around him while he told them his story.

For three long years Tom remained with the good giants, during which time he grew as large and strong as any of them. One day a ship, bound for his own country, stopped at the island to get fresh water, and Tom felt a strong desire to go home to see his father and mother. The giants, who had grown to love him, tried to induce him to remain with them longer, but he insisted upon going, so that they gave him a huge purse of gold and Tom paid his passage and went on board.

As the vessel was entering the harbor of the country where Tom's parents lived, it ran aground and the captain and crew tried in vain to get it off. Tom watched them for some time and, at last, becoming impatient, he leaped over the side of the vessel and placing his shoulder to the prow of the ship gave it such a shove that it went far out into the water.

The captain was so delighted that he not only returned Tom's passage-money, but made him a handsome present in the bargain. Tom then set out for the residence of his parents, which he reached about nightfall.

The old couple did not recognize, in this huge giant, the delicate lad they had sent away, and it required quite an amount of explanation on Tom's part to convince them of his identity.

He ate an entire lamb for his supper, and as there was no room in the house large enough to accommodate him properly, he slept out in the great barn. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a cry of distress and hastening out of the barn he saw a band of robbers surrounding his father's house and trying to break open the door. They had heard of his return with money and came to rob him.

Tom took in the situation at a glance and with a roar like an angry lion rushed down on the robbers and catching up one of their number used him as a club and knocked the others down right and left. The chief alone was left and he begged for mercy, saying he would show him the vast treasure vault of the band if Tom would only spare his life. Tom made him a prisoner and having bound the rest of the robbers so they could not escape when they recovered their senses, followed the robber chieftain to the stronghold of the band.

The robbers had stored their treasure in a great cave, which was closed by an immense iron door, very thick and heavy. This was opened by the robber and when Tom entered the cave the rascally chieftain slipped out, and slamming the door, secured it with the great bolt and shut Tom in the vault.

"Now!" he cried, "you may stay there till you starve to death. It is my triumph now."

His triumph, however, was short-lived. Tom threw his great body against the door and burst it out with such force that it fell on the robber and killed him instantly. He then explored the vault and found tons of gold and precious stones heaped up in large piles everywhere, so he placed the iron door on its hinges again and returned home.

His father had given the alarm and a guard of soldiers marched the robbers off to jail, where they were all put to death. The fame of the exploit had reached the king and he sent for Tom; he wished to see the extraordinary man. Tom went to the palace and was was presented to the king, for whom he performed some wonderful feats of strength, which delighted the entire court.

In a distant part of the kingdom a terrible lion was ravaging the country and the king asked Tom if he could slay him. Twenty gallant knights had perished in the attempt, but our brave Tom did not hesitate.

"I will go, but I regret that your majesty cannot accompany me for I would show you some royal sport."

The king, who was a brave man, was pleased at the idea and ordered his guards to get ready at once for a journey. Next morning they all set out for the lion's den, and after a long march encamped where the terrible beast had been seen. The king and Tom killed quite a lot of game, and after supper the king lay upon the couch in his royal tent to rest after the fatigue of marching and the hunt.

Suddnly an awful roar was heard and everybody sprang up and grasped his weapons. The ground shook. All the guards formed a line arounded the royal tent and waited for the monster. They had not long to wait, for with another terrible roar the lion dashed the guards aside and bounded toward the tent.

At first sight of the beast Tom seized a great oak tree that grew near by, tore it up by the roots and dealt the lion a blow that tumbled it over on its back. Before it could regain its feet he seized it by the back of the neck and held it up, just as one of our young readers would hold up a kitten.

"Your Majesty," he said, "should have the honor of killing him."

The king drew his sword and pierced the heart of the monster, killing it instantly. The dead lion was placed upon a cart and brought home in triumph. Tom was made a noble, and being immensely rich, he built a grand castle, married a beautiful princess and lived happily to the end of his days.

How to Get an Umbrella.

A new way of acquiring an umbrella has been invented by a Frenchman. He has compiled statistics which show that nine men out of every ten have lost an umbrella, but that no man has ever confessed to having found one that is not his. On a wet day, therefore, this ingenious man stands in a doorway, and stopping the first man who comes along, says politely, "I beg pardon, sir, but you have got my umbrella." In nearly every case conscience pricks the man so addressed, and he surrenders the umbrella to the daring claimant.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Holiday Excursion Rates via the Northwestern Line.

On Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25 and 31, 1894, and Jan. 1, 1895, the Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets at very favorable rates, good for return passage until Jan. 2, 1895, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

WANTON BUTCHERY.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GEORGIA NEGRO SLAUGHTER.

Men Shot Down Because They Cannot Tell Where a Fugitive Is and Women for the Same Reason Treated in a Manner Too Horrible to Print.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Dec. 26.—Special telegrams from reliable parties at Quitman, Ga., throw a diabolic light on the wholesale slaughter of negroes in that county. The dispatches say: Never before in the history of Brooks county has there been so much crime and bloodshed as within the past few days. Six murders have been committed within the past week. News has just been received of outrages committed in the Morven district of this county that will almost equal the hideous crimes recently perpetrated upon inoffensive Armenians. A few nights ago, Joe Isham, a well-known white man, was shot down in the road at night by Dave Pike, a negro. The friends of Isham claim that it was without provocation, but some of the citizens say this is not true, that Isham was trying to kill the negro, but the negro got the best of it.

Whites Begin Their Slaughter.

Isham's friends armed themselves and went in search of Pike. Not succeeding in this they went to the house of Sam Taylor, an inoffensive old negro who is the step-father of Pike, and threatened him that if he did not tell where Pike was they would kill him. Taylor affirmed that he did not know anything about it and he was immediately shot to death, several bullets entering his body. From Taylor's they went to the house of Eli Frazier, who has always borne the reputation of being a good negro. Frazier was carried down the road a short distance, and when his wife found him he was lying murdered by the roadside. From Frazier's they went to the house of Harry Sherwood, an innocent negro, who was also foully murdered. It is reported that the murderers, after they had killed these innocent negroes, entered their houses and subjected their wives and daughters to the most cruel and barbarous outrages ever committed in a civilized community.

Send Consul Jewett Down Here.

A detailed account would be too horrible to appear in print. The murderous gang is still at large, and some of the negroes are leaving the community for protection. An inquest was held over the body of Sam Taylor, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of murder at the hands of Judge Tillman and Bill Alderman. Sheriff Thresher has made no effort to arrest these and he is being severely censured by the best class of citizens. All good people of the community deeply deplore the events and will endeavor to bring the guilty parties to justice.

SOLDIERS SENT TO THE SCENE.

Sheriff Concludes That He Must Have Military Help,

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 26.—The latest news from the scene of the race troubles in Brooks county is anything but reassuring. Governor Atkinson received a telegram last evening from Quitman, the county seat of Brooks, signed by the sheriff and several leading citizens, informing him that trouble had grown too serious for the local authorities to cope with and urging that he order out the militia at once. This telegram also conveyed the information that four more men had been killed since the first slaughter.

The governor at once ordered the Waycross Rifles and Valdosta Videttes to the scene. Colonel Varnadoe, of the Videttes, answered promptly that his company was ready to march, but that the situation was too menacing for them to handle alone, and requested that the Thomasville Guards be ordered to co-operate with them. It is supposed that these companies are now en route to the scene of the disturbance in Brooks.

That Riot at Pineapple.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 26.—Details of a riot among negroes at Pineapple, Ala., has reached here. The riot was precipitated by four drunken negroes becoming unruly. The three Van Metten brothers and Alexander and Ed Kayser were stabbed to death. Thirteen others were mortally shot and stabbed and pandemonium reigned for a time.

Murdered and Mutilated.

BROWNSVILLE, Tex., Dec. 26.—News has just reached here of a horrible murder in Hidalgo county. The victim, Gabino Olivares, was shot from ambush, after which his head and arms were cut off and the body otherwise mutilated.

GREETING TO KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

Grand Master McCurdy Tells the Aims of the Order.

CORUNNA, Mich., Dec 26 —Grand Master Hugh McCurdy, the head of the American Templar Masonry, sends Christmas greetings to all knights. "Templarism," he says, "aims to kindle the inner genial life of man. It inspires him to live not for happiness, but for something higher. It would gain followers by awakening the heroic that slumbers in every man's heart. To awaken the heroic Templarism points with unwavering constancy to the greatest of all heroes, the Carpenter of Nazareth.

"Worship of Him has always been, is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence of every Templar's life. Templar faith is loyalty to Him. The true Templar hope is to be like Him—to live his life in the genial flame that burns up all lower considerations."

Marshal Sues for His Pay.

CHICAGO, Dec. 26.—A suit has been begun by R. C. Rathburn against the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroad which, if successful, will add heavily to the expenses resulting to the railroads from the big strike of last summer. Rathburn sues for $130 wages he claims due him for services as deputy marshal during the strike, and his attorneys say that his suit is a test case for hundreds of men who served in similar capacities.

General Swaim Ordered Home.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—The following order has been issued from the war department: "Brigadier General David G. Swaim, judge advocate general, having attained the age of 62 years, is by direction of the president retired from active service this date under the provisions of section 1:44, revised statutes. He will repair to his home. The travel enjoined is necessary for the public service."

PARKHURST NOT SATISFIED.

Thinks the Lexow Committee Is Quitting Before It Is Through.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—Rev. Dr. Parkhurst is not pleased at the prospect that the investigation of police corruption is to be stopped before the heads of the department shall be called upon to testify, and still less is he pleased with the proposition, which is said to be favored by members of the Lexow committee, that Superintendent Byrnes be charged with the reorganization of the department. Dr. Parkhurst said that he would not stop even if the senate committee did. He said he believes the committee is about through with serious work. "It is evident, and I am informed," he added, "that Superintendent Byrnes is to be subjected only to a perfunctory examination, and that he it was who planned the confession of Captain Schmittberger.

"I would not have it thought that I am actuated by a mere prejudice against Superintendent Byrnes, but I do think that he is the head of the exposed police system, as he is of the police force. A gentleman said to me recently that he would as soon think of asking Satan's advice on the re-organization of hell as Byrnes' on the re-organization of the police. That expresses my opinion exactly. There is no prejudice in my feelings against Byrnes, but I have met his power of opposition to my work of reform at many points, and hence I have gained a knowledge of him which has been such as to make me hold aloof from any alliance with him, and I will not be restrained now by any co-operation with him that may be accepted by others."

Superintendent Byrnes has issued an order prohibiting the police from riding free on elevated street cars. They are forbidden to accept any free transportation or franking privileges.

RUN DOWN BY A TRAIN.

Attempt to Cross in Front of the Engine Results Fatally.

VINELAND, N. J., Dec. 26.—A shocking accident involving the loss of three lives occurred at the Cedar avenue crossing of the South Jersey railroad at this place. A party consisting of Mrs. William D. Lewis, her daughter, Mary, and son, John, aged respectively 16 and 14 years, of East Vineland, and Mrs. David J. Jones and her 15-year-old daughter Mary, of Bridgeton, were returning from church. Young Lewis was driving and whipped up the horses in an attempt to cross in front of the South Jersey express, which was rapidly approaching. When in the center of the track the horse balked, and the next instant the train crashed into the carriage, cutting it in two.

Mrs. Lewis, her son, and Mary Jones were instantly killed. Mary Lewis and Mrs. Jones escaped by jumping from the rear of the carriage when they realized their danger. The horse was uninjured. Mrs. Lewis' body was found in a trench a hundred feet from the crossing and nearby it lay the corpse of her young son. The mother's back had been broken and the boy was mutilated beyond recognition. The body of Mary Jones was found lying on the cow catcher after the train has been stopped a quarter of a mile beyond the crossing. Mrs. Jones and Mary Lewis were uninjured. The grade crossing where the accident happened has always been regarded as dangerous.

NEWS EXPECTED FROM HONOLULU

Conspiracy to Overthrow the Annexers Not Yet Suppressed.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 26.—The steamer which arrived Saturday brought news of the arrest of plotting royalists in Hawaii Dec. 8, and it was supposed that it had stopped the conspiracy. The same steamer, however, brought a private letter from a royalist to a sympathizer in this city. He says the arrests have not affected the conspiracy to overthrow the republic and that the next steamer will bring news of the success of the royalists and the restoration of Liliuokalani to the throne. The letter speaks of the arrest on the night of Dec. 8 of Messrs. Bush, Nawahi, Klemme, Crick, Weed and Osmar for conspiracy against the government.

SIX SCORE LIVES LOST.

Great Storm in England Together with a Fatal Railway Collision.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—A fearful storm raged all over Great Britain, causing property losses of many thousands of pounds sterling and what is worse about 120 lives, 100 of the victims being killed by the storm. Nineteen others lost their lives in a railway wreck at Chelford, which was caused by the storm. A collision took place between a freight and passenger train, nineteen persons being killed and over sixty wounded.

Death of a Foot Ball Player.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20.—George S. Young, who played right guard for the Frankford boot ball eleven and who was injured on Nov. 30 in a game with another local eleven, is dead. At the time Young was injured he was given the ball to make a run and was heavily thrown, fumbling the ball. While reaching for it he was accidentally kicked in the head by a runner who was close behind him at the time. He was taken to his home and grew better, but later on an abcess formed at the base of his brain which resulted in his death.

Election Indictments at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Nine additional indictments have been found by the grand jury in the election fraud cases. All the indictments returned are of men of small political importance, who are charged with interfering with the right of others to vote. These make nearly sixty indictments found for election wickedness. In some cases the women who went to the polls to vote were assaulted by the thugs who seem to be allowed to do as they please on election day at Chicago.

Gotham Police Captain Arrested.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—Superintendent Byrnes has been informed by Assistant District Attorney Davis that an indictment has been found against Captain Schmittberger. He telegraphed to the captain to report at once at police headquarters. Schmittberger, on appearing before the superintendent, was taken into custody by Detective Sergeant Quinn and conducted to the district attorney's office.

Three Young Men Drowned While Skating.

ST. PAUL, Dec. 26.—At St. Paul park three students at St. Paul college broke through the ice in a bend of the river where the water was very deep and were drowned before help came. The dead are: Matthew Uhl, aged 10; Frank Langer, aged 19; Alphonso Langer, aged 22. Alphonso Langer lost his life in an attempt to rescue the others.

EIGHT DAYS OF RESPITE.

American Railway Union Managers Not Going to Jail Just Yet.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—Eugene V. Debs and his associates in the directory of the American Railway Union will not spend Christmas in jail. The date for the beginning of the sentence imposed by Judge Woods for contempt of court has been postponed until Jan. 8. When the sentence does begin it may mean a year instead of six months for Debs and six instead of three months for the other labor men, in the county jail. Sentences in the case of the United States and that of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad were separated and made cumulative instead of concurrent and appeals will be taken to the United States supreme court in both causes.

The change in the sentence was asked for by the counsel for the defendants. Lawyer Gregory said: "Our clients are very desirous to test the constitutionality of the Sherman act, and they know that this cannot be done so long as the sentence imposed in the Santa Fe case runs concurrently with the sentence in the government case. We therefore ask the court so to modify the sentences that they may become cumulative instead of concurrent, and further ask that the sentence in the government case be given precedence. We therefore ask that a stay of another ten days be granted in order to give us time to prepare an appeal."

Lawyer Walker, for the government, said he had no objection to test the case, as it was one that never had been before the supreme court. "I have no desire to keep these defendants in jail and away from their families over Christmas," said Judge Woods, "and I can see no reason for refusing this request." The defendants were warmly congratulated on their freedom to enjoy themselves out of jail for the two great holidays of the year.

JAPANESE WIN ANOTHER VICTORY.

Brief Reports of a Fight in Which Ah Sin Does Better Than Usual.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—A dispatch from Tokio says: "Advices received here confirm the report of the defeat of General Lung, after hard fighting that lasted five hours. The Japanese are now about ten miles from New Chwang." A dispatch from Antong says: "The Japanese force consisted of four regiments of infantry and five batteries of artillery. The latter bombarded the Chinese, who had established themselves in the village of Kang Wasai. The infantry then thrice charged through the Chinese lines. The fighting was stubborn, the combatants meeting hand-to-hand. The fight was the fiercest that has yet taken place. The Chinese loss is estimated at 500 killed or wounded. The Japanese also suffered severely."

OVER A HUNDRED KILLED,

Storms in Great Britain Fearfully Destructive of Human Life.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—Reports of loss of life and damage to property from the gales which have prevailed for the last two days continue to come in from all directions. At Girvan, Scotland, a show caravan was caught in the gale and capsized. Some of the covered vans were set on fire and four persons were burned to death. At Fleetwood, Lancashire, two fishing boats were sunk and all hands were lost. The interruption of telegraphic communication with Scotland still continues, although the winds have abated. It is estimated that the total loss of life by the storm will reach 120.

Statues to a Statesman and a Hero.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—The veiling that has covered the statues of Daniel Webster and General John Stark, which have been placed in the extreme north end of statuary hall in the national Capitol as the gift of the people of the state of New Hampshire, was quietly removed yesterday. The services were very simple, consisting only of uncovering them. In house and senate the afternoon was devoted to eulogies to the statesman and soldier. Speeches were made by Senators Chandler, Gallinger, Hoar, Lodge, Morril and others and by Representatives Baker, Power, Curtis, Blair, Banker and other.

Famous Calf Case Decided.

DES MOINES, Dec. 21.—The famous Jones county calf case has been decided for the sixth time in the state supreme court, this time an appeal from Black Hawk county, the first appeal having been from Linton county. The case began as an action for malicious prosecution on May 23, 1878, and has been in the courts continually undergoing many changes. Original parties to the case are all dead. The decision now sustained is for $2,886.22 against the parties to the present action.

Debs May Yet Go to Jail.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Judge Woods was here for an hour this morning and during that time the motion for a new trial in the American Railway Union contempt cases was argued and submitted to the judge. The suspension of sentence expires this afternoon and as the question submitted to Judge Woods will probably not be decided in time to prevent it Debs and his colleagues have an excellent prospect of going to jail.

Murdered and Robbed.

HUBBARD, O., Dec. 24.—Charles Rocho an Italian, was murdered and robbed of $13 and then thrown from a boxcar on the Lake Shore railroad, a mile west of this place, by three tramps. He had boarded the train at Ashtabula to go to Youngstown. Rocho resisted the attempt to rob him and was shot in the back twice, dying early in the morning. The tramps made their escape.

Failure of Henry Seiter.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 20.—The creditors of Henry Seiter, of Lebanon, Ills, who made an assignment of all his property on Monday, Dec. 10, to M. W. Weir, his attorney, will meet in the Lebanon bank today to discuss the situation and decide what is the best thing to do under the circumstances. A large number of the creditors will be represented by attorneys.

Japan Is Inexorable.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—Oriental advices are to the effect that Japan will demand as the condition precedent to an armistice with China that Japanese troops be in possession of Pekin.

Whisky Is Still Cheaper.

PEORIA, Ills., Dec. 24.—The whisky trust has reduced the prices on all classes of goods one cent per gallon.

Nothing Doing on the Exchanges.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—All the exchanges in the country were closed today and there is no market report.

NEW CURRENCY BILL.

THE CARLISLE MEASURE TO BE WITHDRAWN.

Decision Reached After a Caucus of the Democratic Members of the House Committee on Banking and Currency—The Substitute Described.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—The Carlisle currency bill now before the house of representatives will be withdrawn and a substitute presented. This decision was reached after a caucus of the Democratic members of the banking and currency committee, followed by a conference be-

WILLIAM M. SPRINGER.

tween Secretary Carlisle and Chairman Springer. The substitute has already been drawn and will be offered by Springer before the holiday recess, as the desire of all concerned is to get it before the country prior to the adjournment. It differs materially from the original Carlisle bill. The caucus of the banking and currency committee Democrats was held at the committee room, the following members being present: Springer, Cox, Culberson, Sperry, Warner, Cobb of Alabama, and Ellis. The absentees were Cobb of Missouri, Hall of Missouri, and Johnson of Ohio.

Carlisle Not Present.

It was reported that Secretary Carlisle was present, but this proves incorrect. The discussion took a wide range and the sentiment was that the bill would have to be materially changed in order to meet objections and command a support which would secure its passage. The needed amendments were formulated and when the caucus adjourned it was not contemplated that the Carlisle bill should be more than amended. It was arranged that Mr. Springer should see Secretary Carlisle and submit the contemplated changes. When Secretary Carlisle and Mr. Springer met it was determined that the better plan would be to frame a new measure in the nature of a substitute instead of mutilating the original bill with many amendments which went to its vital principles.

Substitute Agreed On.

Accordingly the substitute was agreed on in full and as soon as it can be copied and put in proper bill form it will be presented to the house, and thenceforth be the bill on which the currency debate is to proceed. Two very important features make their appearance for the first time in the substitute. The main one will have the effect of allowing the national banking system to run along without an arbitrary provision that banks must organize under the new system. The original Carlisle bill contemplated that all national banks must organize under the new plan. This would have required them to surrender the government bonds which now constitute the basis of their circulation. But the substitute does away with this imperative change.

May Continue to Do So.

If national banks wish to continue to hold their United States bonds and issue circulation thereon they may do so. It is felt that they will soon discover the advantages of the new system and will therefore adopt it voluntarily. The other important feature of the substitute is that it does away with the unknown liability of the banks to guarantee the notes of all other banks. This feature of the original bill has been much criticised. It contemplated that if a national bank failed its notes would be paid out of its assets and the general "safety fund" made up by all the banks. But if the assets and safety fund were insufficient to pay the notes of the failed bank, then the comptroller of the currency was to make a pro rata assessment on all the banks of the country.

The Safety Fund.

The banks said this prospective assessment shouldered them with an unknown risk. In effect it made them supply insurance on all the notes of banks in which they had no concern. In view of these criticisms the substitute will do away with the assessment plan. The "safty fund" will be the limit of the joint liability of all the banks for the failure of individual banks. They will, however, be compelled to keep up this safety fund by more rigid provisions than appeared in the original bill. Besides these two main changes there are many lesser ones which were summarized as amendments in these reports, but which will now be incorporated as a part of the substitute.

Alderman Charged with Bribery.

CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—The Herald prints with a two-column display head with a job-type caption an eight-column leaded article charging that Alderman Powers, of this city, offered to kill the anti-cigarette ordinance for $25,000. The offer, according to The Herald, was made to Neil McCouil, the Chicago representative of the American Tobacco company, in his office, and The Herald prints nearly four columns of a verbatim stenographic report of the interview in which the offer was made, the report being taken by a concealed Herald reporter.

Thieves Stand Off the Officers.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Dec. 24.—Two thieves robbed the store at West Liberty of McClung & Henderson and got away on a train. A posse of officers boarded the train and ordered them to surrender, but they stood off the officers, stopped the train, and jumped off. A larger posse was collected, and finally they were captured and jailed.

They Won't Need Their Christmas Presents.

TOLEDO, Dec. 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark of 7100 Utica street, this city, left home to buy Christmas presents for children and when they returned after it was to find their son Arthur, 7, and daughter Bonnie, aged 5. The children were left asleep in the house and fire broke out.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Dec. 19.

The Berliner telephone patent has been declared void by the United States district court at Boston. It is one of the Bell company's properties.

The explosion of a boiler in the planing mills at West Bay City of Russell Bros., killed John Calcutt, fireman, aged 21; George Pfund, 17; Albert Rahn, 16; John Brann, 15, and Al Heavenbacher, 17. Another three persons were injured but not fatally.

Foster, Munger & Co.'s sash, door and blind factory at Twentieth and Brown streets, Chicago, was burned. The loss is about $40,000.

The Citizens' Stock bank at Slater, Mo., failed. The failure was precipitated by a call by the state officials for a statement, which showed that of the capital stock and $250,000 of deposits there is in the vaults of the bank less than $2,000.

Mrs. Helen Gougar has brought suit in the superior court at Lafayette, Ind., to test the constitutional right of Indiana women to vote.

At a conference in St. Louis W. H. Hinrichson was decided on for chairman of the Democratic cntral committee of Illinois.

Thursday, Dec. 20.

Eugene Kelly, the New York banker who was prominent in Irish politics, is dead, aged 87 years. His estate is estimated at from $12,000,000 to $16,000,000.

Dr. McGlynn, the leader in the Anti-Poverty party, who got into the bad books of Archbishop Corrigan for his political activity on "reform" lines, has made his peace with Rome, it is said, by complete penitence and will be reinstated in his parish at New York.

A defalcation of $27,000 has been discovered in the Central National bank of Rome, N. Y., but the money will all be recovered from the cashier.

Captain Henry W. Howgate pleaded not guilty at Washington to seven of the indictments against him. His trial on the other three indictments will commence next Saturday.

Divello Pike, of Burdett, N. Y., was found dead in his buggy, his body being frozen stiff. In some unaccountable manner he had fallen forward into the wheel of the vehicle, which had choked him to death. When he left home it was with the intention of attending a funeral.

Friday, Dec. 21.

At New York Charles Peterson killed his wife and himself because he was jealous and left five young children to be provided for by charity.

John W. Re ppenhagen, who admitted before the Lexow committee that he had handled the $15,000 that Creedon paid for his police captainey at New York, has resigned his position on the state Democratic executive committee.

The Chicago election commissioners have notified the grand jury that they know the man who destroyed the tally-sheets of the December, 1893, mayoralty election, and asked the jury to delay the investigation for a time,

Frank and Charles Meadowcroft, the Chicago bankers convicted of accepting deposits after they knew they were going to fail, have been denied a new trial and sentenced to the penitentiary for a year. There will be an appeal.

The next G. A. R. encampment, so it has been decided by the executive committee in session at Louisville, will be held at that city during the week beginning Sept. 8, next, exact date not yet selected.

France ships annually 220,000 pounds of food snails to the United States.

Saturday, Dec. 22.

Ex-Congressman Jerry Haralson, found guilty of forgery and perjury at Little Rock, Ark., was sentenced to two years' imprisonment or to pay a fine of $5,000.

Ex-Senator Ingalls says he has no expectancy of being voted for for senator in the legislature this winter. He said his senatorial ambitions were not for 1895; but, if he had any, for 1897.

The Boston police board has revoked the licenses of the Palace theater, Howard athenæum and the Grand Dime museum Allowing them to give Sunday evening concerts because the programmes were not of a sacred character.

The New York board of estimate and apportionment has recommended that the city spend $30,000 for anti-toxine, to overcome the prevailing diphtheretic epidemic.

At the annual rabbit-hunt on the plains near Lamar, Colo., for the poor of that city, four Pueblo sports bagged 225 jacks in two hours.

Scores of amulets, evidently worn to keep off the evil spirits, have been found in the ruins of Nineveh.

Monday, Dec. 24.

Harry Hayward, alleged murderer of Catharine Ging at Minneapolis, has been arraigned and pleaded not guilty. His trial will begin Jan. 21, Blixt going on trial at the same time.

Mrs. Gougar was not satisfied with the result of her libel suit against Elijah A. Morse, of Boston, and moved for a new trial. Arguments have been made and the court is thinking the matter over.

The six days' bicycle race at Philadelphia has closed. Ashinger won the race, covering 1,300 miles; Forster was second with 1,286, and Gannon third with 1,087. Ashinger was taken from the track to the hospital, he was so badly broken up.

The friends of ex-Policeman Hugh Clark, who died at New York, say that his death was caused by nervous depression caused by the Lexow developments, he having lost his official head last August because of those developments.

The Alix-Robert J. race at Los Angeles, Cal., has been postponed to Christmas day.

Tuesday, Dec. 25.

John Ortolani, a New York Italian, was offered a guardianship at $2,000 a year by a fellow-countryman. He had to pay $1,000 first, and he paid it. He did not get the guardianship, but as next best thing has had the swindler arrested.

Rev. Frank Crane, of the First Methodist church at Omaha has shocked the "old-timers" by using the Episcopal communion service entire. The service is in the Methodist ritual and was used with Bishop Newman's approval.

Sneak thieves went into a St. Louis barbershop and stole from the vest of a man getting shaved $100 in money and a note for $28,000.

The damages at Rotterdam by the recent storm are estimated at 500,000 florins. Out of 135 fishing boats belonging to the port, twenty-five foundered and fifty were badly damaged.

A train wreck at Spruce Creek, near Altoona, Pa., resulted in the killing of James Dunn and injury to six other men. No passengers hurt.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

What the Lawmakers Are Doing at the National Capital.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—Practically all the time of the senate was occupied by speeches on the Nicaragua canal bill. Turpie gave the third section and end of his speech and Morgan announced that he would reply to Turpie. Turpie offered an amendment providing for the appointment of a board of three engineers to make a survey and estimate of the cost of the canal. Perkins of California favored the building of the canal, as did Cullom. An executive session was held.

The debate on the currency bill continued uninterruptedly in the house. Johnson of Indianan and Ellis of Kentucky opposed it, and Warner of New York supported it. The speech of Ellis ended with an allusion to Cleveland not complimentary in character, and the applause it received from the free silver Democrats indicated plainly the unalterable opposition of the silver men of the house to the Carlisle plan. Bland, the silver leader, gave notice that he would offer his free silver bill as a substitute for the bill.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—In the senate the only legislative business of any importance transacted was the passage of a bill making deficiency appropriations for the census bureau and the department of justice for the current fiscal year. The senate adjourned until tomorrow.

The debate on the currency bill was comparatively brief in the house, owing to the exercises in connection with the acceptance of the statues of Webster and Stark. Sperry of Connecticut and Brosius of Pennsylvania were the only two speakers.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—The entire time of the house was occupied in debate on the currency bill. Before the close of the session Springer presented the amendments to the measure agreed upon by the Democratic members of the committee and endorsed, it is said, by the secretary of the treasury. The bill as altered by these amendments will be offered at the proper time as a substitute for the original bill, and upon this substitute the fate of the measure will depend. The resolution for the holiday adjournment to begin today was agreed to early in the afternoon.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—A number of the members of the senate had already gone home to spend the Christmas holidays, and when that body convened there was a small attendance. The holiday adjournment resolution caused some discussion, and George of Mississippi at first objected to its consideration, expressing the opinion that in view of the large number of important measures now pending the senate should sit during the holidays. He subsequently withdrew his objection and the resolution was passed. Little business was done.

The feature of the debate in the house on the currency bill was the speech of Bryan of Nebraska, who attacked the bill and administration vigorously, declaring that Cleveland's idea was that the banks should issue currency while Jefferson's was that all currency should be issued by the government. Bryan believed with Jefferson. The house adjourned to Jan. 8.

OVER 2,300 FAMILIES DESTITUTE.

Distressing Condition of Affairs in Twenty-one Nebraska Counties.

OMAHA, Dec. 24.—President Nason, of the Nebraska state relief commission, secured a carefully prepared report of the number of destitute families in the different counties of this state where there was a crop failure as follows: Custer county, 250 families; Perkins, 200; Chase, 225; Dundy, 120; Hitchcock, 250; Red Willow, 100; Hayes, 200; Frontier, 40; Furnas, 100; Lincoln, 700; Dawson, 45; Keith, 200; Deuel, 4; Cherry, 4; McPherson, 40; Blaine, 20; Boyd, 250; Holt, 80; Antelope, 30; Keyapaha, 25; Knox, 25. Contributions are coming in, but hardly as fast as they should.

Sons of Vets Draw the Color Line.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 26.—William Bundy, of Cincinnati, commander-in-chief of the Sons of Veterans, U. S. A., is here on an inspection of the headquarters of the Alabama and Tennessee divisions, which are located in this city. From time to time applications have been received by the division commander of Alabama and Tennessee for charters from camps composed of negroes, all of which were refused, it having been decided at the division encampment not to issue such charters. An appeal was taken to the commander-in-chief by a negro camp at Vicksburg, Miss., and that officer rendered a decision sustaining the division commander, with the statement that should the negroes insist they can organize as a seperate division in the south.

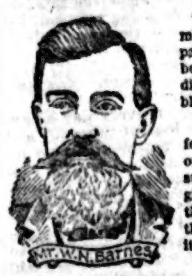
Seiter Makes a Proposition.

LEBANON, Ills., Dec. 21.—The creditors of Henry Seiter met last night. Seiter made a proposition that they accept notes payable on one, three and five years to cover his indebtedness. It is said that the proposition met with approval. If such should be the case Mr. Seiter will withdraw his assignment, reopen his bank here and the one at O'fallon, Ills., and resume business. Seiter's unsecured debts aggregate $145,000 and his assets $100,000.

This Couple Holds the Record.

WEBSTER CITY, Ia., Dec. 22.—Married and divorced within an hour was the record made in this city. William Rinehart, the son of a wealthy farmer, and Miss Lizzie Frank were married, and parents of both parties objecting the young man was sent east, while the young lady was persuaded by her parents to start the mills of the law grinding to secure a divorce almost before the ink was dry on the marriage certificate.

That Tired Feeling



"I cordially recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who may be suffering with indigestion or impure blood, no appetite,

Run Down

feeling, or generally out of order. It will surely help any who give it a fair trial. If there is any help for them. I have found it of great benefit for

Rheumatism.

We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla two years and have no sick headache spells, pains or tired feeling." W. N. BARNES, Hartford City, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills give universal satisfaction.

CHAPTER VII.

The weather was warm for January, and the snow grew soft and damp in a temperature a little above the melting point. A mild southwesterly breeze blew across the snow white surface of the valley, bearing promise of a pleasant winter day. The lieutenant rode in advance, closely followed by the soldiers and pack mules. The Mexicans rode behind in the order of maiden, priest and youth.

When the column entered the timber, the snow was found to be of uniform depth and not difficult to pass through. The animals moved in file along the path made by the priest and Ortega on the preceding day, up and down many hillsides and through many windings.

A few hours after entering the forest the giant pines of the valley borders had diminished in size to the dwarf pine, or pinon. The foliage was less dense and the glades more open, while the snow had shoaled to a few inches. At last the trail stretched across a dead and treeless level, terminating at the crest of a slope that descended at an angle of 45 degrees 2,000 feet to the Jemez river below. Through a thick growth of pinon and cedar which covered the slope a path went down in frequent zigzags.

Riding being impossible, all dismounted and led or drove the animals down the many angled roadway, the temperature of the air sensibly rising with the descent. When the party reached the level of the river valley and looked out upon the sparkling stream, every vestige of snow had been left behind, and the earth lay hard and dry in the sun's rays.

Near the river stood a long, low hut called a jacal, badly out of repair, and above its roof floated clouds of steam from hot sulphur springs scattered for 100 yards along the flat. In summer the jacal afforded shelter to invalids who sought relief in the waters. Ruined bathing screens were everywhere scattered about.

"We dine here, do we not?" asked Raymer of the padre as the column debouched from the evergreens that clad the mountain side.

"Yes. We will stop a short time for rest and refreshment. The flat ledges are warm, so we shall require no fires to take your valley chill out of our bones, but I suppose we shall need one for coffee and steak."

"Corporal," said the lieutenant, "have a fire started in the kitchen. See that the animals are unsaddled and picketed on the grass plot below the springs under charge of a sentinel."

"Yes, sir," and the corporal proceeded to carry out the instructions.

The priest, who, from the moment of his arrival in the valley, had constituted himself Dona Teresa's attendant, conducted her to a flat rock a little apart from the others, where a riotous, boiling spring imparted warmth to a considerable space around. After arranging a comfortable seat for her he rejoined those who were busy in the preparation of dinner.

Raymer sat near the cone of an extinct spring, busy in reflections on the present and future. The beautiful girl before him seemed already hedged by impassable barriers. What hope, then, could he entertain of meeting her again after she had joined her parents? He could scarcely hope for any co-operation on her part. She showed no disposition to rebel against the espionage exercised by her uncle. Probably she would acquiesce in the arrangement made by her parents and marry that commonplace Mexican.

And what chance remained to prosecute further acquaintance? After her recent experience on the Abiqui trail and at the camp Teresa would scarcely be permitted to court danger in that vicinity again, and military duties would not allow him to seek her neighborhood. The future chances for lovemaking seemed desperate indeed. He began to regret that he had not taken advantage of the opportunities of the last few days. He realized that he had neglected to make hay while the sun shone.

Further reflections were interrupted by the announcement that dinner waited. The repast was spread upon a blanket, where all but Teresa gathered, the young lady being waited upon by the vigilant padre. The meal was partaken of almost in silence, and at the close their march was resumed.

The road was now broad and level, and the lieutenant made a disposition of the party to resist an attack by Indians should they be lurking in that vicinity. The priest, the maiden and three soldiers, with the pack mules, formed the center. The corporal and remaining two soldiers rode 100 yards in advance, Ortega and Raymer being the same distance behind.

The column proceeded at a brisk pace down the narrow valley, which wound its way between high sloping walls—walls occasionally losing their sloping feature and for short distances rising in perpendicular precipices of sandstone to the level of the plain above.

Now and then the river in its windings swept close to the walls, crowding the road to the brink of the stream which it crossed by shallow fords to the opposite side. The banks of the river were bordered by cottonwoods, leafless at this season, and the sloping heights, wherever lodgment could be found, sustained a growth of pinon and cedar.

As the rear guard galloped onward Ortega remarked:

"Do you always look for an Indian attack when you travel, Senor Teniente?"

"I try to be prepared for one in an Indian country when an Indian war exists," answered Raymer.

"But what possible chance is there for an Indian to be here?"

"You know it is the unexpected that always happens."

"Quien sabe! I do not believe there is a Navajo this side of Fort Wingate."

"Very likely. Certainly I hope not. What would you do if we were to meet a few redmen?"

"Car-r-r-amba! Do? Do what any Mexican caballero should do—fight and die if necessary in the defense of my affianced and friends!"

The three soldiers in advance now approached a slight elevation in the road, passed over it and disappeared from view. The center was half way across, the officer and his companion just beginning the ascent, when—ping, ping!—came two rifle shots from a clump of cedars on the left. A bullet struck the ivory hilt of the revolver on Raymer's hip, shattered it into splinters and went humming off into space. The other cut the collar of the Mexican's coat. Raymer instantly turned his horse in the direction from which the shots came, halted and brought his rifle to a "ready." Ortega drove the spurs into the flanks of his beast and flew over the swell, shouting to Gutierrez and Teresa as he passed:

"Fly, fly! The Navajoes have attacked us!"

"With the first shot Teresa turned and rode in the direction of Raymer, the priest following.

"Stay, daughter. Would you rush into certain death?" said the padre.

"Yes, father, if my many times defender is to die," was the answer.

"Ah, child, I feared this." Putting his horse to a run, he came up to the lieutenant and placed himself by his side, saying: "Give me a weapon, my brave friend. I will stand by you."

"Spoken like a hospitaller. Take the revolver on my right side, father. I do not think the reds will show while we cover that clump. Ortega's flight will bring back the advance."

But even as he spoke there came a third report. Glancing toward Teresa, Raymer saw that her horse had been struck and was staggering and plunging, threatening to unseat her. Riding to her left, he placed his right arm about her waist and lifted her in front of him as the horse fell. At the same instant the advance arrived and quickly got into line with the priest and lieutenant.

"Get under cover of those bowlders—quick, men! Put your arms about me, darling, and hold on. I must have mine free to hold my rifle," said Raymer, danger loosening his tongue and in a single word revealing all he had hitherto concealed. Teresa's arms clasped her protector, and her eyes met his with a new light in their depths.

The soldiers had ranged themselves behind a mass of broken sandstone, from which they could command the clump of cedar which concealed the Indians.

"Corporal," said the lieutenant, "you, Hoey and Clary pass your reins to Evans and climb into that cleft and keep up a fire into that brush until those fellows show themselves. The rest of us will reserve our fire until they break."

Three rifles cracked irregularly, and the crash of the bullets among the stones and foliage of the hillsides was soon followed by a thrashing and trampling, and nine mounted Indians and three loose ponies galloped up stream, screening themselves as much as possible in the underbrush.

"Padre, now! They're running! Let them have every barrel!" exclaimed the lieutenant as he and Clampet fired.

"Not at a retreating foe, my son. I fire only in defense," replied the priest.

"An Indian or two less now, father, might make defense unnecessary at some future time," remarked Clampet, half cocking his rifle.

With a few earnest congratulations upon their escape and a muttered "cowardly cur" from the padre, a term which could not be applied to any one of the little group present, the party resumed its march. To the surprise of the lieutenant, Father Gutierrez rode in advance with the soldiers, and for the time being, acting perhaps upon a generous impulse begot of his disgust at Ortega's flight, abandoned the espionage of his niece.

Raymer looked fondly into the eyes of the girl whom he held closely to his breast. All barriers were for the moment forgotten. The despair of a few hours past was now swept away by this tide of unexpected joy brought on by a wave of conflict and storm.

"Did I offend when I called you darling?" he asked.

Teresa did not speak. He read his answer in her eyes and a slight pressure of her arms. He ventured to kiss her unshrinking lips and said:

"You will not marry that poltroon Ortega, Teresa mia?"

A moment's pause, and then the answer:

"Never, if I can avoid it."

"And if I can persuade your parents to allow my suit will you be my wife, dearest?"

Another pause, to Raymer an age. Then came the reply:

"Yes," smothered in a kiss.

"Yes, Philip—say it please," he urged.

"Yes, Philip. But I think you have a difficult task before you. You do not know how prejudiced mamma is against Americans."

"Is she so very terrible, dearest?"

"Not terrible, Philip. She is the dearest and best mamma in the world, but she does dislike Americans, although she made an exception in your case so far as to wish you were a Mexican once."

"When was that, pray?"

"The time you defended me in Santa Fe and Ignacio ran away, dear. She is most opposed to marriages out of her church."

"'All things come to him who waits,' and if you will not marry Ortega nor any one but me the field is open, and I shall try to win."

A pause in the march was now made until the packs of the two mules could be consolidated into one. This was done by distributing a few articles among the riders. The mule gained by this arrangement was turned over to a soldier who had been riding one of the bronchos, and that in turn was saddled with the saddle taken from the dead pony and assigned to the young lady.

Everything arranged, the column moved on and in a short time reached the little village of Canoncito. There they found the people in great excitement, preparing for an expected attack by a large band of Navajoes, reported by the flying Ortega to be coming down the river after having killed or captured all of his party except himself. That youth soon made his appearance, but exhibited no shame for his conduct. He greeted all with earnest congratulations at their escape and expressed much regret that by the breaking of his horse's curbstrap he had lost control of the animal and was carried away from a scene where every impulse of his nature prompted him to remain. No one replied to his remarks.

The remaining six miles to Jemez were soon passed over, and at nightfall the travlers arrived at the house of Padre Gutierrez. The priest had resumed his watchful oversight of Dona Teresa at Canoncito, and from that time until the lieutenant left for the valleys, two days later, gave him no opportunity to converse with her. When the time came for his departure, Raymer asked permission to see her for a moment in the presence of her uncle, but the priest replied, with a kindly smile:

"I cannot permit it, my brave friend. Mischief enough has already been done—more, I fear, than can be repaired in many days. If you were a son of the Catholic church, your gallantry and devotion and Ignacio's cowardice on the Jemez might overcome my sister's antipathy to los Americanos, but besides being a gringo, my gallant son, you are a heretic, and she will hardly consent to the marriage of her daughter with one who is not of our faith."

"And do you share in her objection to me?" asked the disappointed soldier.

"Ah, my brave boy, no one admires your courage, your honesty and noble traits of character more than I, who have so often been your companion in the valleys and elsewhere. No woman could have a better husband, but I am a priest of the church. Such a union requires a dispensation, which I have no power to grant."

"Goodby, father. I will speak you fair. I shall marry Teresa if I can, and she will not refuse if opportunity offers. Come and see me. I shall expect you for Ramon before long."

"I will come for him in due time," replied the priest. "Goodby, Philip, my son. Vaya Vd. con Dios."

Returning to camp, Raymer's first act upon entering his cabin was to examine the little missal, that he might learn what Teresa had penciled on the flyleaf. He found the words: "To my friend in time of need. From Teresa Inez Valencia."

CHAPTER VIII.

With spring came news of the cessation of Indian hostilities. The last band of Navajoes had surrendered and been gathered to the reservation on the Rio Pecos. There being no further use for the camp at Los Valles Grandes, Lieutenant Raymer, the first week in June, received orders to return to Santa Fe and resume duty at Fort Marcy. Accordingly one evening of that month the company marched into the parade and took up its old quarters. Raymer was greeted cordially by his friends and congratulated upon his success as an Indian campaigner. He returned to his former employment, falling rapidly into the military and social life of the territorial capital.

Not long after his return he was detailed as officer of the day and found himself again standing by the sundial, awaiting the details for guard duty. Presently the inspiring notes of the band burst upon his ear, and he turned to witness its approach and handsome bearing and precision of movement. As he did so his glance fell upon the window at which he had first seen Dona Teresa. No one stood there now.

Following the movement of the band, he gradually turned his back upon the palace and stood witnessing the arrival and alignment of the detachments. A light tapping attracted him, and turning again to the window he saw the object of his thoughts, her eyes beaming with joyful recognition. He could no more than bow ere the officer whom he was to relieve summoned him to the reviewing point.

The ceremony ended and the old guard relieved, Raymer started for his quarters. In the center of the parade he met the Mexican boy, Ramon Vaca.

"Ah, Ramon, here you are and well as ever!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Senor Teniente, I am as well as before I was shot, thanks to Senor Mason. I am on my way to the hospital to see him."

"He has had a piece of good fortune since returning to the fort and is now hospital steward," said Raymer.

"I heard of his appointment yesterday, and he told me he means to be a doctor some day."

"Yes, a medical college will have him on its roll when his enlistment is out. But what brings you to Santa Fe, Ramon?"

"I am at the San Miguel school. Senor Valencia says I am to be his boy, and that I must have an education."

"For your brave conduct in the valley?"

"He is pleased to say so."

"Where are the Valencias, Ramon?"

"Here in Santa Fe."

"Have they been long in the city?"

"A fortnight. But they go tomorrow, and as my school is out I go too."

The lieutenant perceived an opportunity which must not be missed. He felt sure of aid from the boy and determined to avail himself of it.

"Call at my room, Ramon, when you return—first door on the left of right hallway."

"Yes; I will be back soon."

The boy went on, and the officer entered his quarters, determined to seek an interview with Teresa. A few moments later he had prepared the following note:

"I have just met the Chevalier Ramon, and he tells me that you are to leave in the morning. Is it not possible for you to meet me this evening? You know I have heard nothing from you since January! I intend this afternoon to make a formal call at the palace, and if I do not find you in the parlors shall ask permission to see you. If refused, I trust you will be able to manage it. I regret being obliged to counsel this, but there may be no other way."

The ink had scarcely dried when the boy returned.

"Now, Ramon," began the lieutenant, "I want you to take this letter to Dona Teresa. Are you willing?"

"Yes, sir, I will take it," was the unhesitating response.

"Thank you, Ramon. I expected you would, and, remember, deliver it to no one but Dona Teresa. I shall be about the garrison or plaza all day, so if there is any reply you can easily find me."

"Yes, sir; I will report to you whether there is a reply or not."

Ramon departed, and the young officer passed the day until midafternoon somewhat anxiously. At 3 o'clock he went to the palace and sent his card to the ladies. A servant showed him into the parlors, and presently the governor's wife and Senora Valencia entered, greeting him kindly. The latter paid him many compliments and thanked him for the aid he had rendered her daughter on several recent occasions. Evidently she was grateful and desired him to know it.

Emboldened by her kindness, Raymer asked if he might see his former guest. The mother regretted that it would be impossible. Teresa was busy with dressmakers and milliners, preparing for her marriage, which was soon to take place. As they purposed leaving Santa Fe on the morrow, the time could not be spared, and she begged he would excuse her.

Raymer thought he discovered under this reserve a genuine sympathy for him which it was difficult for la senora to hold in check. Still he did not feel encouraged to plead his cause, and at the close of a general discussion of commonplaces left, much disheartened.

Arrived at the post, he found Ramon sitting on the veranda, with a note for him. Requesting the boy to wait, he entered his sitting room, broke the seal and read as follows:

AT THE PALACE.

DEAR PHILIP—I will meet you at 9 in the representatives' chamber. You will find Ramon awaiting you on the portal at the outer entrance. TERESA.

The lieutenant rejoined the boy on the veranda and asked him if he understood the arrangement for this evening.

"Yes, sir, in the hall of the representatives, at 9 o'clock," was the reply.

"Then please tell your mistress that, being officer of the day, I must visit the guard at that hour and cannot come until a little later."

"I will tell her, sir, and I will be waiting for you."

The boy went away, leaving Raymer to read and reread Teresa's note and long for the slow hours to pass away.

Promptly upon the close of his duties at tattoo Raymer repaired to the entrance mentioned in Teresa's note and found Ramon awaiting him. The two hastened to the legislative chamber, and the lieutenant passed in. By the dim light of a candle he saw his beloved dimly revealed in the darkness beyond. It was a fond meeting, and for some time the conversation dwelt upon their strange adventures and life in the valley and that sweet moment when he lifted her from her dying horse and told his love, but it finally reached present interests.

"Is it possible you have consented to marry Ortega?" Raymer asked.

"I have never consented at any time before or since I met you, Philip. You have no idea of the pressure brought to bear upon me by my relatives. I am forced to appear to consent."

"When is the marriage appointed to take place?"

"In two months, and I fear it will take place unless"——

"Unless you marry me sooner," interrupted Philip. "And you will marry me, Teresa, if I can make the opportunity?"

"How is it possible?" asked the girl.

"Of course, dearest, you know I would not advise such a step if it were possible to do otherwise, but it seems that if we do not marry without your parents' consent we shall not marry at all. Leaving me altogether out of the question, even supposing you had never met me, it is not possible that marriage with that—that"——

"Call him Ortega," sadly laughed Teresa.

"Very well. The name is synonymous with many unmanly traits in my mind. It is not possible that marriage with Ortega can bring happiness. Your mother should be able to see that he possesses no qualities to inspire an educated and accomplished woman's love. Wealth is his only recommendation. But you asked how is our marriage possible. That is a serious question. If we were in the states, it would be possible in several ways. Any clergyman not of your church would perform the ceremony if we could satisfy him we were of age, or, a clergyman lacking, a justice could always be found. But here all the clergy are of the Latin church, and not one of them, knowing you to be a Valencia, could be induced at any price to unite us without the consent of your parents. Nor is my hope of securing the services of an alcalde strong."

"And I go tomorrow, Philip."

"Yes, dear one, there seems to be no present way to oppose the fates. Even were you to consent it would be impossible for me to leave my duty and elope, after the good old way of desperate lovers, for there is no convenient Gretna Green in the territory. Do you think Albuquerque would afford better opportunities?"

"Can you go there?" asked Teresa eagerly.

"The chief quartermaster asked me today if I would like to go to Albuquerque to temporarily relieve a lieutenant who must come to Santa Fe for a short time—exchange duties, you know. The detail can be secured if I desire it."

"Then go," said Teresa. "If you are there, something may happen to prevent this union mamma is so set upon, and which will be so unfortunate for me. Of course, Philip, I consent to unusual means only in case all others fail. I loathe the thought of deceiving dear mamma, but to be Ignacio's wife will be an unbearable misfortune."

"And your father?"

"I do not understand papa. He never says a word in favor of Ignacio, and he frequently speaks in praise of you—more often than mamma thinks prudent. I believe he will welcome you cordially if you succeed. You are a hero in his eyes. But papa will do nothing harsh. I would enter a convent before I would become Ignacio's wife."

There came a knock at the door, and Teresa went to open it.

"They are inquiring for you, Dona Teresa. You must go," said Ramon from the hallway.

"Goodby, then, Philip, until we meet in Albuquerque."

"Goodby, darling. 'Where there is a will there is a way,' and where there are two wills there must be a prompt way. Let us hope it will be soon."

A lingering embrace, a half dozen kisses, and she was gone. Raymer waited until he learned from Ramon that Dona Teresa had reached the parlors, and that no suspicion had been aroused by her absence. Then he passed quickly into the street.

It was 10 o'clock. The chief quartermaster would be at his room playing whist with the paymaster, the surgeon and the surveyor general. Raymer went around and told him he would accept the detail to Albuquerque. Being assured that the order would be issued in the morning, and that he could leave for that town in a few days, he returned to the post. Next morning at guard mounting he contrived to meet Ramon and sent a note to Teresa informing her that he would be in Albuquerque within six days.

The end of the week found Raymer settled in the office of the depot quartermaster at Albuquerque, with a prospect of remaining a month at least. He took an early opportunity to call upon Senor Valencia, by whom he was cordially welcomed and promptly invited to dinner. No ladies were at the table.

A week passed, during which time Raymer saw nothing of Dona Teresa or her mother. Inquiry for Ramon Vaca, whom he hoped to make available as messenger, elicited the information that the day after the lieutenant called upon Senor Valencia the boy had been sent to a distant rancho of the family's. Evidently la senora intended he should have no friends in town to assist him in communicating with her daughter.

Philip spent hours in contriving methods for obtaining an interview with Teresa, only to abandon them as impracticable. On the Sunday after his arrival he lingered near the church and saw the family go to and from morning service, but no sign of recognition came to him. Monday evening he strolled into a hotel and stood looking over a game of cards in which Senor Valencia appeared to be interested. As Raymer watched the varying fortunes of the play a sudden plan occurred to him. He approached the Mexican gentleman and said:

"Senor Valencia, can I make use of your library this evening to look up a reference?"

"Certainly, Mr. Raymer. Here is the key. Let yourself in and stay as long as you please."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digestible Food.

One of the biggest mistakes about food which people make is to forget that the true value of food to anybody is the measure of its digestibility. Half a pound of cheese is vastly more nourishing, as regards its mere composition, than half a pound of beef, but while the beef will be easily digested and thus be of vast service to us the cheese is put out of court altogether for ordinary folks by reason of its indigestibility. We should bear this rule in mind when we hear people comparing one food with another in respect to their chemical value.—London Hospital.

Domestic Weather Prophets.

Probably everybody knows that there are hygroscopic plants which indicate more or less clearly the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere. A strip of seaweed hung in an exposed position frequently does duty as a popular and easily comprehended weather glass, although it may be doubted whether its predictions are of much value. More reliance can be placed in the behavior of a pine twig, which may very readily be pressed into service as a domestic weather prophet.—Cologne Gazette.

The mole is not blind, as many persons suppose. Its eye is hardly larger than a pinhead and is carefully protected from dust and dirt by means of inclosing hairs.

THE MAKING OF THIEVES.

A Significant Increase In the Number of Child Criminals.

There has surely been of late a very great and significant increase in the number of child criminals that are brought to our police courts. There are more of them, and they are much younger than they used to be, and they are vastly "tougher." Their manner shows plainly that the street has been their teacher, and that they have been apt pupils. Its method is simple and varies in Hell's Kitchen and in Jewtown only in the opportunities offered. To begin with, the boy idler in the street during school hours is there in defiance of law, whether the fault is his own or not, and he knows it. He is in the attitude of opposition, the normal attitude of the street. The policeman is his enemy, and the policeman stands for the established order of things.

Thus the groundwork is laid for whatever mischief comes along. It is not long in coming, rarely longer than the dinner hour of the first day. The boy is hungry. He wants something to eat. A boy's hunger is not like a man's, which can be appeased with promises. He wants something at once. If he is playing hooky, he does not want to go home to get it. Anyway there is no need to do so. The street can show him an easier way. A grocer's stand is handy, or a pie wagon; better still, a soda water wagon. The bottle is worth so much cash at the junkshop. The driver's back is turned. The boy "swipes" one.

It is not a very great crime, but it is the stepping stone to many greater. A horse blanket or a copper bottomed boiler may be the next thing. It is the first step that costs an effort, and that not a very great one, with the clamor of a hungry stomach to drown the warning voice within him that whispers of the policeman and the lockup. The friends he makes in the street soon help him to contempt for the one and a secret pride in the other.—Jacob A. Riis in Century.

A CALLER FOR MR. DE MEDICI.

An American Art Lover Who Proposes to See Him In Person.

There is a lady tuft hunter in an up town boarding house who has the foreign title fever of the most pronounced type. She paralyzes the other roomers by the easy, matter of fact way in which she tells the names and titles of her distinguished callers. One night it was the Prince Bombastes Deadbeati. The night before it was the "Dook" Indebto, and the next night it will be the Count Freakivitch. She has been across our great salt water privilege several time and has contracted the broad gauge style of murdering the English language. There is reason to believe that she bewails her fate at having been born in plebeian America. The other evening while her parlor was filled with princes, potentates, "dooks," counts and bald heads in the absence of crowned heads she incidentally remarked that on her next visit to civilization she would get more works of art and among them a work of "Venus de Medici."

"You must be varee particulare and not let the Paris clever venders sell you ze imitashion," said a "dook" by way of precaution.

"Oh, I shall guard against that," she replied gayly: "I shall call upon Mr. de Medici himself. I can get letters of introduction to the greatest artists in Europe."

And then there was a silence like that before a storm, and the titled admirers of the tuft hunter could scarcely conceal their laughter.—New York World.

The Night Conductor's Courtship.

The conductors on the night runs are usually more genial than those who look after the fares in the daytime. Just why this should be so is not quite clear, but the fact that most of them conduct affairs of the heart with young women who are engaged in domestic service during the daytime may have something to do with it. In making assignments the aim usually is to put the married men on the day runs and the single men on at night. As soon as the evening dishes are out of the way the lady in whom he is interested boards his car, and between one end of the line and the other they manage to have a lengthy tete-a-tete. The gripman is more fortunately situated than the conductor in this respect, as his little chats are not subject to frequent interruptions, as the conductor's are.—Chicago Tribune.

Many Kinds of Days In One.

A mean solar day is the average or mean of all the apparent solar days in a year. Mean solar time is that shown by a well regulated clock or watch, while apparent solar time is that shown by a well constructed sundial. The difference between the two at any time is the equation of time and may amount to 16 minutes and 21 seconds. The astronomical day begins at noon, and the civil day at the preceding midnight. The sidereal and mean solar days are both invariable, but one day of the latter is equal to 1 day 3 minutes and 56.555 seconds of the former.

Mars.

In a paper on Mars published in Natura ed Arte Professor Schiaparelli says that it has an atmosphere charged with water vapor. In spite of this, however, he thinks that it rarely rains, but that water circulates through canals back and forth from one pole to the other, this circulation being accompanied by "extraordinary periodical floods which at every revolution of Mars inundate the polar region at the period of the melting of the snow."

Well Placed.

"Did the colonel ever pay you that bill he owed you?"

"Never."

"What's he doing now?"

"President of a collection agency."—Atlanta Constitution

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JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 29, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"The Highest Bidder and Lord Chumley."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Wardo and James.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"On the Mississippi."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Herrmann.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Shenandoah."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Temperance Town."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—The Country Circus.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Old Glory."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

We have refrained from publicly reminding a large number of our subscribers of their indebtedness to THE CITIZEN until the approach of the time when subscriptions are to be renewed for the ensuing year. There are arrearages on our books amounting to many thousands of dollars, and we have used every reasonable effort to collect the same, at great trouble and expense to the office. In a majority of cases our debtors can well afford to pay, but will not. If they owed a doctor, or lawyer, or grocer, or butcher, or anybody else, they would have to pay or suffer the consequences, but because they owe a newspaper, and that paper their friend and champion through every vicissitude, they will not pay, although, as we have said, abundantly able to do so. Most of these persons are, apparently, Catholics; that is they go to mass at least once a week, and frequent the sacraments within the appointed period. Do they ever reflect that, while receiving the sacraments, they are in a state of sin for nonpayment of just debts, which they are in a condition to pay, and that, therefore, they receive the sacraments unworthily? Some of them would no more think of breaking the rules of fasting and abstaining than they would of cutting their throats, but they have no hesitation in violating the commandment of God, "Thou shalt not steal," because refusing to pay a just obligation, when it can be paid, comes within the scope of the divine commandment. This is the religious aspect of the question. What is the material aspect? Delinquent subscribers not alone defraud the publisher of THE CITIZEN, they also defraud the men employed by him to do the necessary work. They defraud the printers who set up the type. They defraud the other people employed in the office. They defraud the firms who supply the material. All these burdens *we* have to carry and be responsible for. Is this right? Is it manly? Is it decent?

THE CITIZEN asks for nothing that does not belong to it of right. It asks for nothing but the payment of its legitimate bills, to which it is entitled under the laws of the land. If these bills were paid, as they ought to be, fully and promptly, THE CITIZEN would not be compelled to thus publicly proclaim the delinquency of those who ought to be, if they are not, its friends and supporters. And, as usual in such cases, those who are most in its debt, are the foremost to criticise, with the hope, no doubt, of accommodating their consciences to their shameless dishonesty.

When nearly every daily newspaper in this land was the inveterate foe of the Irish-American people, THE CITIZEN, as is well known, stood in the breach, and held the assailants of the element it represented at bay. In what has it been false to its duty that it should be treated with injustice, not to say ingratitude?

Some of our delinquent subscribers have cowardly methods of wriggling out of their obligations, and for these we have the most unmeasured contempt. They allow their indebtedness to accumulate until their small souls are braced up to the infamy of repudiating the claim. Then they say they ordered the paper stopped—something that would always appear on record—and which, in any case, can afford no excuse, because the law does not recognize the stoppage of a paper, while the subscriber is in debt for his subscription. He can pay up, and then stop the paper if he desires to. Another trick is for a man to pretend that the paper has not been received for some time, and, on that account, he declines to pay. This is a transparent fraud because he, or somebody for him, receives it. Otherwise it would be returned by the Postoffice department, with the indorsement "Not found," or "No such person at this address."

These are only a few of the mean and dastardly subterfuges resorted to, often by men who ought to be above such miserable smallness. We think it well that those of our subscribers who are honest and considerate should be acquainted with the difficulties with which we have had, and with which we have, to deal. It is no pleasure to us to expose the callousness, the hypocrisy and the miserliness of some of our subscribers, but, as an independent journal, with an undeserved grievance, THE CITIZEN would be remiss in its duty if it did not "lash the rascals naked through the world."

We have stood just as much as we are going to stand of this deadbeating business, for that, in plain but expressive language, is what it amounts to. Patience has, in this case, most emphatically ceased to be a virtue. We do not wish, or intend, to confound subscribers who are honest and who intend to pay promptly, with those who are dishonest and do not intend to pay at all. We specially separate the latter class from the others, and, if they still persist in their dishonest methods, we must only invoke the aid of the law and compel justice to ourselves, to those whom we employ, and also to those wtih whom, in the course of business, we have to deal for the necessary newspaper material.

As we have said, we want nothing except that which belongs to us, and that, by the aid of God and the law, we are determined to have, no matter who may be offended, or rendered inimical by the procedure.

MISINTERPRETING THE DESIGNS OF PROVIDENCE.

Our contemporary, the *Irish Republic*, of the 23d inst., dealing with a recent letter written by the Right Rev. Dr. McCormack, bishop of Galway, in reference to the excellence of that port as a packet station, says: "The worthy bishop is not content with setting forth all that nature and man has done for Galway harbor; he must, forsooth, indulge in ridiculous twaddle worthy only of some rampant, brainless West Britisher. Dr. McCormack says, 'Considering from a geographical point of view, Galway has the first claim as the most westerly port in the three kingdoms. And what God and nature intended for Galway, the interests of trade and travelers must one day assign to Galway. Hence the question is not the narrow one of giving to Galway some boon long denied to it! No, the question widens itself into an imperial one. Great Britain and Ireland have been placed by the Creator side by side in these western waters, and Providence has linked their fortunes together for more than seven centuries."

THE CITIZEN would wish to add that if Providence had desired to "link the fortunes of Great Brttain and Ireland together," it would have made them one island, or tied them together at the tails, like the Kilkenny cats, by an isthmus, connecting Antrim with Cantyre, or, like the Siamese twins, with a neck of land joining their stomachs across the Irish sea; but, with all respect for Dr. McCormack, "Providence" never intended anything of the kind. On the contrary, "Providence" put nineteen miles of deep salt water between Scotland and Ireland, and sixty miles of still deeper salt water between Ireland and Wales—the umbilical cul de sac of England. Why, in God's name, should "Providence" be charged with doing something to which the doings of "Providence" give a flat contradiction? We feel in honor bound, to defend "Providence" from the charge of West Britainism, made against it by the learned and holy prelate of old Galway. We are sure that when the whole force of the charge dawns upon Dr. McCormack, he will apologize to "Providence" for having unintentionally misinterpreted its intentions.

Providence did not, evidently, design that Great Britain should be a province of France, although they are much closer together geographically than England and Ireland. See how comfortably, Dr. McCormack, Portugal nestles into the ocean flank of Spain, six times her extent, but does the Spaniard make her laws, or does the Spanish crown link her to slavery's hell, as Ireland is linked by Great Britain? And Belgium? And Holland? And Greece? And Denmark? And Switzerland? All diminutive in area and resources when compared with Ireland. What about "Providence" in their connection?

Oh, Grattan, great as you were, how much you have to answer for before the throne of God, for not breaking the miserable, unholy connection between Great Britain and Ireland, when a word from you could have done it, and

England raged like a baffled fiend,
At the tramp of the Volunteers?

Daniel O'Connell did not have quite as great an opportunity, but he preached the same unpardonable blasphemy about the designs of "Providence" in connecting, when it did not connect by physical or other manifestation, the *mis*fortunes of Ireland with the fortunes of Great Britain. Ireland's one curse is the British connection. But, the trimmer and time-server will ask, What are you going to do about it? Well, not much, at present, for even living volcanoes have their periods of rest. Still, the tremors of the earth around their bases, like the breathings of giants in slumber, warn the over confident to be prudent—not to arouse them too rudely. The night will surely come when the heavens shall be red with their long imprisoned fires.

And even were those fires to awake no more forever, what does it profit Irishmen to eat the Saxon's dirt? What does it profit them to announce their own degradation, to bend the trembling knee before the alien throne and kiss the hand that is never raised but to smite them?

Better for the honest Irishman to go down to the grave with the old flag flying still; better go down to his grave with the national gospel of Tone and of Emmet and of Mitchel written on the tablets of his soul, where the hosts of heaven may read it, than go through the world proclaiming his pride in an infamous political partnership in which he is, as it were, tied barebacked, with his face toward the tail of the imperial steed, while the Englishman, comfortably saddled, faces to the front and laughs at the pretended equality of his degraded captive.

ENGLAND AS A MARITIME POWER.

Mr. James J. O'Kelly, well known as an ex-member of the British Parliament, and much better known as a dashing and brilliant journalist, has been hunting up statistics relative to the growth of England at sea within the last half century, with very surprising results. He finds that while the agricultural classes, particularly in Ireland, have been growing poorer with fatal rapidity, owing to unrestricted foreign competition, the merchant navy of Great Britain has been growing and expanding at a rate which threatens to absorb the entire carrying trade of the world. Mr. O'Kelly contends that, owing to the distance from the great British markets, the Irish farmer has suffered far more from foreign competition than the agricultural classes in the larger island, who share to the full extent the benefits of British maritime prosperity. He claims, furthermore, that the shipping interest now controls the British Parliament, and no ministry dare resist its demands. Following, however, is the kernel of Mr. O'Kelly's deductions:

"Within the past ten years the people of Great Britain and Ireland have been taxed to the amount of something like £200,000,000 sterling to build and maintain a navy for the protection of the mercantile marine, and during that time the mercantile marine has not contributed one shilling toward either the support of the navy or the nation. This curious fact is due largely to the stupidity of the land owning and farming classes in Great Britain, who are so absorbed in their efforts to help the Irish landlords to rob their tenants that they have not time to notice that they are being plundered themselves. Since 1840, the tonnage of shipping under the British flag has risen from 3,310,000 to 10,230,000 in 1892, while the shipping tonnage of all other nations has only increased from 6,070,000 to 12,670,000. In other words the tonnage of British shipping has increased at the rate of 210 per cent, while that of all other nations combined has only increased 108 per cent. In 1840, about one third of the shipping trade of the world was carried on under the British flag. Today more than half the world's trade is carried on in British ships. The balance of the carrying trade is divided up among the various nations, Scandinavia and Germany each securing about 8 per cent of it, while Spain and France have to content themselves with about 4 per cent each.

"British trade with the Colonies has increased since 1882 nearly 50 per cent, and since that date the entries of vessels carrying the British flag into the ports of the world show an average increase of about 30 per cent. The tendency to increase the size of steamships is very marked, and there is no doubt but it will be continued, because experience has shown that increase in size leads to economy in working. More tons of goods can be carried, and fewer seamen are required in proportion to work the larger vessels. Thus, in 1860 there were employed 171,000 seamen in working ships that carried 18,800,000 tons of freight, while in 1892 only 249,000 were employed in ships that carried 115,320,000 tons of freight. In other words, it required one seaman in 1860 to transport 110 tons, while in 1892 for every seaman afloat the ships carried 461 tons. This is one of the causes of the enormous reduction in sea freights that has taken place of late years. It is not alone at sea that the cheapening of freight rates has been in progress. If the carrying power at sea has been doubled, the carrying power on land has been more than trebled. It is those increased facilities for bringing the products of distant regions into the markets of the world that have largely contributed to bring down the prices of agricultural produce, and which will continue to do so as long as peace lasts. The only hope, therefore, for the Irish farmer lies in bringing his rent down to vanishing point, for difficult as it may be now for the farmer to pay his way, everything points to a further fall in the price of the produce he has to sell."

FATHER HOGAN, S.J. DEFENDS MAYO AND SLIGO.

In another column will be found the proceedings of a meeting in Dublin at which the Rev. Father Hogan, S.J., in a lecture on "The Physical Characteristics of the Irish Race," took occasion to defend the features and forms of the people of Mayo and Sligo from malignant misrepresentation, some of it English, and some more of it, unfortunately, Queen's Irish. It is our privilege to know thousands of Mayo and Sligo people in this city and throughout the country, and they certainly bear favorable comparison with any other breed of men with which we are acquainted. We could name several Mayo men who are models of manly beauty. There, for example, are the McCormicks, the O'Malleys, the McHales, the Hopkinses, the Smyths, the Lynotts, the Barretts, the Gibbonses, the Nallys, the Ansbros, the Gallaghers, the Geraghtys, the Brennans, the Rowans, the Prendergasts, the Morans, the Jordans, the O'Donnells, the O'Boyles, the Higginses, the O'Connors, the Agnews, the Waldrons, the McDermotts, the McDonalds, the Costelloes, the Stantons, the Durkins, the Loftuses, the Meehans, the Meaths, and so on, ad infinitum.

We cannot recall a single instance of a cruelly cocked nose or a parrot mouth in the whole outfit. We have, however, seen many Scotchmen and Englishmen so afflicted, with the addition that their bills were as red as a turkey gobbler's neck from excess of spiritual devotion. The ugliest Irishmen we have ever seen were certain Queen's Irish, perhaps like the libeler of whom Father Hogan compains in his lecture.

And even some Irishmen with turned-up noses made their mark in the world. There, for example, was Oliver Goldsmith, and Tom Moore was not free from the suspicion of a "tilt." He also had decidedly auburn hair. John Philpot Curran was as homely as a kish of brogues," but the fire of his genius transformed him and gave him an immortality for which many an Adonis has sighed in vain.

Of foreign celebrities, Kosciusko, Robespierre, Mirabeau and Marshal Ney had noses with a well defined tendency to turn up in front. The present king of Italy has a nose the point of which has a very celestial tendency.

In point of physique the Irish are inferior to no nation whatever. Even when small of stature, as occasionally happens, they are well and trimly built, and would make admirable light infantry. What Father Hogan says of the fine physique of the Connacht regiments in the British service during the Peninsulsr war is entirely correct. Sir Walter Scott, in his poem of Don Roderick, alluding to them says:

Hark from yon stately ranks what laughter rings
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round himflings
And moves to death with military glee;
Boast them, green Erin, boast them, tameless, frank and free,
Rough nature's children, humorous as she,
And He, their chieftain, strike the proudst tone
Of thy bold harp, Green Isle, the hero is—thine own!

It must be confessed, however, that Ireland, greatly to her honor, never felt like taking Scott's advice in regard to Wellington. She admires him as a soldier, but abhors him as a man.

CHOLERA AND SMALLPOX IN INDIA.

British India must be a very pleasant country to live in. Everybody knows that the climate is simply infernal, and that any European or American—white American—who resides in India for a few years gets a liver that lasts him the rest of his days, which, generally speaking, are not long in the land. Yet, strange to say, certain classes of diseases are much more fatal to the Hindoos themselves than to the Europeans who rule them by the strong hand. An Irish exchange has brought to our notice the Report on Sanitary Measures in India, for 1892-3, which has been presented to the British Parliament. This report contains some very startling statistics, and will be received with surprise by the ordinary newspaper reader. It appears that, in 1892, "the number of deaths returned as caused by cholera amounts to 762,695, and by smallpox, 161,121. Notwithstanding the exceptionally high mortality from cholera among the native population, the disease was less prevalent among the British soldiers than in 1891. The European army in India numbers 68,137 men, and during the year there were 252 admissions to hospital and 121 deaths from this cause. The soldiers also had an almost complete immunity from smallpox. There were but eighteen cases, of which three only were fatal, reported of this disease. Large sums of money were expended on sanitary works in Bengal and in the Northwestern Provinces during the year, and every effort that science can suggest is being made to try and combat the terrible epidemics that scourge India. That these epidemics are not entirely due to climatic influences is proved by the comparative healthfulness of the European population who, owing to being properly fed and housed, are not exposed to the ravages of these diseases in the same manner as the native population. However important these Parliamentary Reports may be to medical authorities, they contain but little that is of interest to the ordinary reader. The search as to how cholera originates and the manner in which it spreads is being carried on, as usual, with nothing more definite in the matter of results than a variety of theories. It appears that the deep-rooted prejudice against vaccination is, to a certain extent, dying out in India, and consequently, it is hoped that smallpox will, in the course of some years, be very considerably checked. There is some slight reference in this report to the beri-beri, of which we have heard so much lately in connection with the Richmond Asylum. It is said that it is very difficult to distinguish it from another disease called kala-azar, and that both seem to be easily mixed up with severe cases of ordinary malarious fever."

A GAELIC CHAIR IN THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

The circular recently sent forth from the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., by the Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., Professor of Early Church History, in reference to the preservation of the Gaelic language, has excited great attention in Ireland, and most of the leading Irish newspapers, daily and weekly, have given the matter their hearty approbation. Dr. Shahan is an enthusiast on the subject, but his enthusiasm takes a very practical turn. His plans are well defined, his reasons incontestible, and he sets forth his views in the circular with an eloquence peculiarly his own.

After referring to the historical interest centered in the Gaelic tongue, pointing out its importance in the elucidation of ancient history and literature, and advocating the establishment of a Gaelic chair in the Catholic University as suggested by some prominent members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Dr. Shahan says:

"This chair, when established, will do an ever-increasing honor to the Irish name and cause. It will help to unite us all on the common ground of literature and learning. It will tend to make us follow the highest ideals, intellectual and moral. The great scholars of the land will learn through it what the Gael was and is in the world's history, and what the scholars have once grasped as the truth, very quickly makes its way into the books and newspapers of the day. Moreover, this chair will furnish a full and accurate knowledge of our literature and history to the Catholic press of this country, a power that is growing in numbers and influence; to Catholic journalists of the public press; to lecturers and special students; to writers of romance and poetry, and to a vast body of readers who eagerly grasp at all that is new and entrancing.

"Men are governed by ideas. When a pregnant thought is cast into the public mind it germinates rapidly, especially if the circumstances be suitable. Never was there a better time for this great deed. In France, Germany and Italy the Gaelic tongue is attracting, without exaggeration, hundreds of scholars. Its professors easily find students and admiring audiences. What a shame for us that races totally foreign should devote so much attention to our ancestral tongue and writings, while we remain utterly ignorant of both.

"The Gael is multiplying the world over at an enormous rate; hence it is high time that this good work were undertaken. His is already a powerful influence in English literature, and, therefore, there was never a better time nor a broader channel for the thought and the ideals which the Gael has so long cherished, and to preserve which he let go everything that other people held dear.

"The Catholic church has a profound interest in the preservation of this noble tongue. Her bishops, priests and monks nurtured and fashioned it, and made it the richest and greatest of the European vernaculars. Millions of our forefathers went to their last rest with its pious accents on their lips. For nearly fourteen hundred years its sweet consoling tones were heard in the confessional, and its grave, sublime poetry was chanted from ten thousand altars. It echoed along the roads of Europe and in her impenetrable forests from the mouths of a thousand missionaries, and it mingled its lyric strength with the majestic Latin at the tombs of the apostles, long before the modern nations of Europe had emerged from barbarism.

"It has been a mighty channel of sacredotal labors for fourteen centuries. It was the tongue of Patrick, Bridget and Columba, and has been sanctified by long use in the mouths of the most eminent saints and the most learned doctors. It is saturated, in its structure and in its monuments, with the purest and most spiritual Catholicism, and for these reasons alone deserves a place in an institution destined to be the mouthpiece of the Catholic church in America.

"For a little individual sacrifice a great work can now be firmly established, and placed under the solemn protection of the entire Catholic church in this country. Its results will go on, ever multiplying in the future, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians will reap forever the reputation of having performed the highest possible act of enlightened generosity, and done a deed that will greatly help to unite and elevate our race and remove the false stigma of illiteracy. I can assure you that all the great Gaelic scholars of Europe are speaking of this matter and rejoicing over it.

"We may believe, therefore, that the teaching of the Celtic chair will be, from the beginning, a fruitful one, and a benefit at once to the ancient Gaelic race, the Catholic church and the modern sciences."

THE "SCOTCH-IRISH" B. D.

We print elsewhere a speech by the Hon. John S. Wise, of Virginia, before the Congregational Club of this city. It is very interesting, and would be more pleasing if Mr. Wise had refrained from dragging in the "Scotch-Irish" issue in connection with the names of several presidents of the United States. Mr. Wise and all others are welcome to call those historic persons Scotchmen and be done with it. Ireland doesn't care a rap about their semi-filial claim on her. She has enough heroes and geniuses of the full blood to boast of without going a begging for the spawn of the Scotch settlers in Ulster. Such of the latter as want to be known simply as Irishmen, like Richard Montgomery, Henry Monroe, Henry Joy McCracken, John Mitchel and their ilk, are welcome to Ireland's heart. The "Scotch-Irish" who have pride in that title, can go to the devil for all that Ireland or the Irish care about them.

MR. GRANT WAXES WROTH.

The following letter has been received:

"CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—*To the Editor:* I have just received a copy of your paper by mail dated Dec. 15, which states that 'One J. L. Grant, who dates a letter from 419 Wells street,' etc. This is my name, also my residence; so it must mean me. I would like to ask you what you mean by it. I never wrote a letter to you in my life, or to your paper, upon any subject. This is the first time that I have heard of any room in the City Hall being used for any purpose except for transacting city affairs; and as to the class that is using it or teaching in it I know nothing about it whatever, or have I spoken about it to any individual. I defy you or anyone else to face me and prove that I have in word or act censured any class of people for using the City Hall, or used any discrimination against any man simply on account of his birthplace or his religious belief. I have spoken concerning the foreign born, and uphold any man who is of foreign birth who complies with the Constitution of the United States. I do not believe, nor have I ever said, that it was a detriment for a man to be born abroad; but do say, and which you cannot deny, that there are persons who should be held to the dignity of American citizenship; who come to our shores by the shiploads, criminals and paupers, who are a disgrace to the country from which they come; who would not make good citizens of their own country, so how are we to expect them to make good citizens of this country; not the Irish alone, but Germans, Swedes, Poles, English, and every nationality on the globe? The United States have been used as a dumping ground for this class of people, in violation of our immigration laws, too plainly to be denied by any man.

"But on the other hand we have skilled mechanics, men of honor and integrity, men of ability and respect, and who would be a credit to any country, who come to our shores to better their condition and with the intention of becoming American citizens in every sense of the word, who bring civilization, and interest themselves with the commonwealth of this country. To those I say welcome; and they are entitled to all the privileges and fellowship of citizens of the United States, as soon as they identify themselves as such, and on an equal standing with the native born American as far as citizenship is concerned. Upon this platform I stand, and if space would allow and time permit I would explain my sentiments more fully.

"Now as to your article: I wish to know what you mean, and where you got your authority to use my name in any such insulting remarks as you have in your paper concerning me. As to my name, I am not ashamed of it; but can reflect back to generations with credit, as being purely American, and that is

all that concerns it as far as you have spoken. I care not, nor would I consider it a discredit if it were traced back to the Highland clan, to the Irish, German, Swedish, Polish, English, or any other race of people, so long as they were a civilized race, and had conducted themselves as citizens and defenders of whatever country they were citizens of. I do not look upon them as Irish-Americans or German-Americans, but simply as Americans, on equal footing with any man as far as citizenship is concerned. And when I have to place the accent of any foreign country before my name I will go to that country and claim my citizenship, with all due respect to all foreign countries, but do not believe it precedence to Americanism. So, as it appears to me, the scandalized part of the article lies at your door and not at mine, for the reason that when you inserted such articles of scandal in your paper as referred to, asserting that I was scandalized, and so informed you by dating a letter. I say it is a false statement made upon one who is not guilty. That it is not just or right, but ungentlemanly to place before the public any such remark in your paper, not even giving a man a chance to defend himself. I am ready at any time and at any place to meet you upon the question involved, gentlemanly, and give you the right to put same in your paper. And now I ask you to be gentleman enough to insert in your next issue the facts, and put the name that is deserving to the article, and place me before the public justly, which is due me or any other citizen who is unjustly assailed. Hoping you will consider this with prompt attention, I remain very respectfully,

J. L. GRANT,
No. 419 Wells-st. City."

The paragraph Mr. Grant complains of is as follows:

"One J. L. Grant, who dates a letter from No. 419 Wells street, is scandalized because a room in the City hall has been given for the accommodation of a Gaelic class once a week or so. THE CITIZEN has no doubt that the same courtesy would be extended to a Greek, Polish, French, German, Scotch or English class, if asked for. Mr. Grant has a Celtic name himself—the Grants are an old Highland Clan—and should not be too narrow in his sympathies. Let him go to the City hall and learn the language of his sires. We have no objection if he should appear there in a kilt and tartan."

We cannot see anything that could possibly be offensive to Mr. Grant in the foregoing, unless he is mad at being mistaken for a Highlander, and very many noble and heroic men were Highlanders—about the only national Scotchmen. The letter complained of by Mr. Grant reached this office, and contained the statement commented on. It was also signed by a person named Wood, but the one answer did for both. We are glad to know that Mr. Grant is a person of liberal principles, as becomes one of that heroic name. Of course we could not go hunting high and low for Mr. Grant when the letter was received, and as it appeared to be written in good faith, we made the comment which has aroused the ire of our supersensitive correspondent. We take great pleasure in printing his letter, and hope that nobody else may rise up to disclaim it. In regard to meeting Mr. Grant upon this question—what question?—we can only say that since he is liberal in his views, and we claim to be the same, there is no room for further discussion. So, Mr. Grant, please grant us peace.

THE withdrawal of Ald. Madden from the mayoralty race has left the Republican nomination for the office at the disposal of the friends of George B. Swift, who, as recent developments have shown, won the last election if there had been a fair count. This is the view taken of the situation by Ald. Madden, and, for this reason, he gave way not alone with good grace but also with good will. This city is always debatable ground when there is a manifestation of faction in the Republican party, and the action of Ald. Madden has removed any chance of a conflict either before or after the nomination.

A Welcome Usher of '95.

The beginning of the new year will have a welcome usher in the shape of a fresh Almanac, descriptive of the origin, nature and uses of the national tonic and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Combined with the descriptive matter will be found calendar and astronomical calculations absolutely reliable for correctness, statistics, illustrations, verses carefully selected, and other mental food highly profitable and entertaining. On this pamphlet, published and printed annually by The Hostetter Company, of Pittsburg, 60 hands are employed in the mechanical department alone. Eleven months are devoted to its preparation. It is procurable free, of druggists and country dealers everywhere, and is printed in English, German, French, Spanish, Welsh, Norwegian, Holland, Swedish and Bohemian.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

WORDS OF WISE.

The Eloquent Virginian Addresses the Congregational Club of Chicago On the Cavaliers and Puritans On Forefathers' Day.

An Interesting Discourse, Disfigured By "Scotch-Irish" Absurdities—The Declaration of Independence Modeled On Dutch Precedent.

Following is an excerpt from the address on "Conceits and False Claims of Puritan and Cavalier," delivered by the Hon. John S. Wise, of Virginia, before the Congregational Club of this city on Forefathers' Day, the 21st inst:

"When I was invited to speak to you I was asked to champion the cause of the cavilier. But I declined to take his side, because the glory and the greatness of America is not entirely due to one class or one clan. A composition of many diverse forces has built up our nation. Many influences—oftentimes adverse influences—were wedded together and to such a union is due whatever we have to boast of. The time has come when the patriotic American citizen should be content with the title of an American citizen and not attempt to trace through moldy tombs for some unknown source his name. Such proceeding is not only foolish and unprofitable but wicked. The great and leading characteristics of our people are claimed as the boon of ancestry by the zealous champions of the Puritan and the Cavalier.

"And now I will plead guilty to plagiarism throughout to avoid any particular charge in telling the history of the two bodies. For they have been thrashed over in the chronicles of America. As a youth I thought the Cavalier was responsible for our national greatness, and congratulated myself and felt easy that I was from that stock. But I received a severe shock, for I learned that of thirty-two of my ancestors nineteen were English, eight Scotch, two Swedish, two Irish and two Dutch. And of the nineteen Englishmen eight were Cavaliers, eleven Puritans and two Quakers. The influence of the Puritans, who settled Massachusetts, and the influence of the Dutch, who settled New York were not confined to those settlements, but spread all over the colonies. The Irish have been omnipresent from the first, and Englishmen, whether Puritan or Cavalier, have stamped themselves indelibly on our character. Our civilization is essentially composite.

"The terms Puritan and Cavalier have not the broad meaning they had in England. Many of the early Puritans became Cavaliers when that term was used to describe the followers of Charles I. As the term Cavalier is applied by the Puritans in America it describes men who came to America to find something to carry back to England with which to enjoy themselves in roystering; it referred to drunken, worthless domineering fellows, whose gross traits made their descendants altogether unlovely. Then there is a class of people in America now who live mostly in the South and which pictures the Northern Puritan as an ascetic incapable of enjoying life, who makes religion a cloak for his rascality; a fanatic to whom it is impossible to relish any sort of pleasure. Among the prejudiced such ideas still prevail. The Civil War did much to kill them. Those who were soldiers greatly changed their views. One side found out that the other had the same spirit of bulldog tenacity which came from our English ancestors and greater respect was engendered.

"It was a spirit more sturdy than that of Puritan or Cavalier which crossed mountains and opened up the great nation beyond the Alleghanies. A new race came into America from Scotland—Calvinists—who had been persecuted and driven from their homes across the sea. They spread to unknown parts of the continent and opened up the wildernesses. It was the Scotch-Irish who peopled the valley of the Shenandoah, and later settled Kentucky and Tennessee. They were the only barrier which stood between the older colonists and the depredations of the Indians. They founded colleges and public schools. They were better educated than the Puritans or the Cavaliers and were the schoolmasters of the early days. Their hatred of England and English institutions was as omnipresent as their birch switch.

"Seven out of the twenty-three presidents of the United States have been Scotch-Irishmen—Jackson, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, Johnson and Arthur. Jefferson was a Welshman. Van Buren and Fillmore were Dutch. Three were so-called Cavalier Englishmen—Washington, W. H. Harrison and Tyler. The two Adamses were of Puritan descent. Of the five remaining, Madison's and Lincoln's antecedents are unknown to me; Garfield was a mixture of English Welsh and Huguenot; Cleveland is a cross between Scotch-Irish, Presbyterian and Irish, and Benjamin Harrison a cross between Puritan and Cavalier.

"The Puritan and the Cavalier did nothing to develop the pioneer. To the Scotch-Irish we must give the credit of all the land we have gained beyond the confines of the colonies, except what we acquired by the Louisiana purchase. Our institutions were derived from a congress of the united colonies of America and all our greatness has emanated from the union of all the elements of the composite population of the nation.

"On the tomb of Thomas Jefferson is this inscription: 'Here lies the body of Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence.' That is enough for the Cavalier, and it makes the Puritan green with envy. The fact is that the document is Dutch, and was derived from those principles enunciated at the union of Utrecht 100 years before. Neither Puritan nor Cavalier can lay claim to our constitution. It is becoming tiresome to hear that our institutions were derived from England, when they came from a foreign source, and many of our systems have not to this day been adopted in Great Britain.

"Nowhere was love of the union more deep-seated than in the breast of the Virginia Cavalier. In the dark days of the nullification and secession Virginia was calm. Until Fort Sumter was fired upon, and it came to a point of choosing for the home or the nation, she reluctantly entered into a contest which she did not seek. When it came to that the Cavalier gladly gave up his life. I saw the Virginia gentleman in the days of his wealth, and he was not arrogant. I saw him in the day of his power, and he was not oppressive. And I witnessed the hour of his agony and bloody sweat. He emerged in calmness, his resolution unshaken. His treasure and blood poured without stint to the last moment of the strife. He came out of it—ruined—without a murmur, and left for his children only the precious heritage of valor and self-sacrifice."

THE FIRELIGHT.

BY MARY MULLALY.

The moonlight and the starlight have
had their meed of praise;
The sunlight's golden glories have been
sung in many lays;
The morn and evening twilight have
been glorified in rhyme,
The gaslight, too, we doubt not, will
poets find in time;
But dearer far than any light, save that
which o'er the foam
Directs the wand'ring mariner, is the
Evening Star of Home.
The bright and cheerful firelight,
The quiet, pleasant firelight;
Who lovest not the sacred spot
Where shines the pleasant firelight?

I know the moonlight's beautiful when
shimmering on the sea;
I know the sunlight's beautiful when
quivering on the tree;
I know it makes the prosy town and
dusty pathways gay,
And drooping invalids revive beneath
its potent sway;
And glorious 'tis when entering into
misery's dark retreats,
It brightens dingy alleyways and narrow, crowded streets.
But dearer far the firelight,
The ruddy, glowing firelight,
Where loving faces cluster round
The social, cheerful firelight.

I know the moonlight's beautiful, flooding both vale and hill
With silver beams, when mankind sleeps, and busy towns are still;
When streams are murmuring to the leaves, and stars are peeping thro'
Some broken cloud at folded flowers wet with the glistening dew;
'Tis beautiful on verdant or craggy mountain side.
Or on the sails of gallant ships that o'er the waters glide.
But dearer far the firelight,
The warm and glowing firelight—
What's the chill light of moon or star
Compared with our own firelight?

I know the torchlight's beautiful, when its wild and lurid glare
Flings a solemn crimson glory out on the midnight air;
When its ruddy radiance flashes from broad leaf and gnarled stem,
Or on a moving column of stalwart, earnest men,
Whose measured tread, and ordered lines, and uniform array
Seem more in harmony with it than with the light of day.
But dearer far the firelight;
The glowing, pleasant firelight;
The dearest spot on this wide earth
Is brightened by the firelight.

For oh! the blessed firelight has a bright and loving look.
And smileth like a cheerful friend from out its cosy nook;
And gay, light-hearted talk round, and unpretending wit
That laughs as loudly when it fails as when the mark is hit
Could lecture upon lecture half the love of hope inspire
That is kindled by one passing glance at a bright and glowing fire?
The sparkling merry firelight,
The quiet tranquil firelight
That tells of home and home-born joys,
The genial, blessed firelight.

IRISH INDUSTRIES.

"Why Should We Encourage Irish Industries?" is the title of an extremely interesting booklet which has been brought out by the Irish Industries Association in connection with their exhibit at the Chicago Exposition. The manner in which the various specimens of lace work has been reproduced is simply perfect. The lace for the most part was designed and executed in Irish convent schools, and the admiration with which it was regarded in America is not to be wondered at. The object of the Irish Industries Association, of which it is hardly necessary to remark the Countess of Aberdeen is president, is "to watch over the beginnings of all industries likely to become permanent, and to train the workers so that they may be able to meet the demands of the trade so soon as regular trade connections can be made for them." Much good work has already been done, and in the future no doubt fruits will be borne from the present labors of the benevolent persons who are engaged in finding a market not only for the laces and embroideries but for the woollens, knitting and underclothing, which give employment to a number of scattered workers throughout the country. Charitable considerations may obtain a fictitious price at bazaars, for instance, for articles that are intrinsically of little value, but as it is pointed out by the writer of this pamphlet, if a hold on the market is to be secured the newest shapes, and colors, and designs must all be studied and carried out. And as it is impossible for the peasants in remote parts of the country to know what will be wanted during the coming season, one of the objects of the society is to overcome this difficulty by providing teachers and designs, and also information which will enable the workers to compete successfully with others who have more advantages. Sound business-like methods, and not placing any reliance on charitable assistance, is the foundation on which they wish to work, and this, of course, is the only method in which there can be any real stability. Already, however, the society is very fairly established, and no doubt has a prospect before it. To the interest which Lady Aberdeen has taken in all matters connected with its working, and the energy which she has displayed by her travels and addresses in thus endeavoring to place the society on a firm basis, its success is mainly due.—*Irish Daily Independent.*

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

The following address on "Religious Intolerance" was delivered by Mr. John K. Scott before the Lyceum of the Senior Class of the State University of Iowa, at Iowa City, recently:

I desire to discuss this subject from a lawyer's standpoint; from the standpoint of a profession that should be essentially broad-minded and liberal. Lawyers, more than any others, should be above narrow prejudice, not only that the contrary does not pay in a financial way, but there is that duty born of their varied avenues of activity, their intimate association with all grades and classes of men, and the powerful influence that they exert upon the morals and sentiment of the masses that renders it more than necessary that this factor in our social growth should be of a high and fair-minded order.

There are two things that I always deem every man honest in until I know to the contrary, and they are religion and politics, and such confidence and the attendant respect that is due his professions, whatever they may be, I believe every honest man deserves, and has a right to extract from his fellows. It is said that history repeats itself; and never more true was that than might be said in connection with some of the pertinent questions of the present day. There is one of those old relics of barbarism, fraught with the same old hate and blindness, that I desire to allude to in a brief way tonight.

We are a great nation; we have traversed the New World and established the bounds of our empire where two oceans may kiss its opposite borders, and where but a few hours after the last warm ray has faded from the "Golden Gate" the arrows of God's light pierce the somber depths of the pine-clad hills of Maine; but with all our peace and prosperity and apparent unity, there is one scarlet stain upon the banner of our American civilization that bids fair some day to throw dark shadows upon the sun of our rising national glory. To my mind nothing is so contrary to the spirit of pure and ideal Americanism, and in such direct conflict with the evident intent and express declaration of our Federal courts, as that spirit of religious intolerance that has of late assumed such alarming proportions in our midst. There is nothing that so dwarfs and narrows a mind inclined to natural fairness as a prejudice born of religious hatred and contempt, drawn with bitterness from the same source from whence but brotherly love, mildness and charity should flow. I would that we might all consider this question from an independent standpoint, unbound by any cord of superstition or birth made belief, but standing together with our eyes fixed upon that eternal hope toward which every Christian's heart inclines, that we might be more content to let the sweet music of His divine love charm our souls, and not to be so ready to lend our impulses to the lead of some hasty spirit who has forgotten the words of the mild-eyed man upon the Mount: "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that deceitfully use you and persecute you."

Why the members of a Christian community should harbor hatred and contempt for each other I never can conceive. We are born in the same divine image; our hopes, our fears, our firm belief in that rest beyond the grave, are common; our hearts go out in prayer to realize the same ideal, and in earnest thousands we worship at the feet of one God. Still, when our eyes are turned from our worship, and the last sweet tone of song has died away, do we burden our hearts toward him who has so lately knelt with us, and all the sweetness, all the love of humanity that God's worship should teach us, is lost in the hatred of some brother, because he seeks to lay himself, his hopes and fears, upon God's mercy in a way that our earthly conception deems wrong. How unlike his teaching it all is: how unlike the spirit of toleration that breathes from every passage of divine writ, in this war of creeds among his followers. Almost from the day that those divine eyes were closed upon Calvary's height: has man judged man, his brother; it has been the lingering curse upon God's empire; a millstone about the neck of Christian advancement.

The wail of the martyr and the sneer of the bigot have been common to all ages and conditions of men; the professed followers of the man of Nazareth have ever waged war upon each other, and as bitter as ever were the conflicts between the crown and crescent, have been the struggles in that great body of Christians who should ever stand side by side to carry his message of freedom and equality to all mankind. There is little need to tell you of the revival of that old religious hatred in our present day, and I earnestly trust that every fair-minded man may be made to exert his might to stem its rising tide, quell this relic of the past and relegate it to the despised memory of the thumbscrew and the rack.

Both Protestants and Catholics have erred, and gravely. History has many a sorry story to tell, and many a pang and a heartache weigh in the balance against the cause of religion. But I ask you is there anything in our nineteenth century civilization that is in accord with such a spirit? Is it not contrary to our institutions, to our idea of freedom of speech and action, and essentially detrimental for religious questions to be drawn into our public and political life? And can it help but be fraught with the gravest and most serious dangers to the institutions that I hope we all prize so highly? I care not what his religion may be, the man who discriminates against his fellow-man because of his religious belief, either socially or politically, is unworthy of the name of American, and is seeking by his puny spite to undermine the peace of this great nation of ours and bring disgrace upon the constitution that gives to all beneath its flag equal duties and equal rights. Let every man whose mind can reach beyond the confines of his own creed, use his efforts to cast oil upon the troubled waters, and may men think oftener of the "Golden Rule" and a little less of man-made law and beliefs.

GAELIC POETRY.

Cailin Deas Cruidhte na m-Bo.

[Measamaoid nach bh-facaidh lucht-leighte an Chathruighthedra an cóip so de "Chailin deas crúidhte na m-bó" cheana; ar an adhbhar sin tá sé ar n-a chur ann so anois. Bhi sé clódhbhuailte i n-uimhir deighionach de'n Amerikonnach, Nuadh Eabhrac. Is cosamhail gur dán Jacobiteach é, sé sin, gur cumadh é le duine bhi ag súil le h-Eirinn do shaoradh le linn na Stéabhardach d'áth-ghlacadh seilbh air choroin Shacsain. Is ionann brigh do'n bh-focal "crúidhte" agus "bleaghan."

Air maidin cois leasa air drúchd dam,
'S eadh dhearcas-sa cúilfhionn deas óg;
Ba taithnionmhach maiseamhail máinte,
'S a leaca mar lonnradh an róis.
Ba camarsach, bachallach, búclach,
Dalthighthe a h-ár-fholt mar ór,
'Na slámaibh go snamaighthe púncach,
'Nna m-beartaibh ag túirlinn go feór

Is beul-bhlasda léir-ghesda sgrúdann sí,
Air shaothar na g-cdige 's na d-treón;
Le n-a caol-erobh air dhaor-bhrat go g-cumfadh,
Bruic, naosgaigh, loin, clúir agus roin
Bidheann éisg mara ag pléireachd 's ag ságradh,
'S ag sgeith amach le fidirse tar meódhan:
Na faol-choin air thaoibh chnoic go láthmhar,
Agus treun mharcaigh rómpa 's 'nna n-deóigh.

Is dá g-cneasuidheadh an cheasnuidhe sin dúinne,
'S go n-aithbheódhadh an plár anns a bh-fóghmhar,
Is go leagfaidh gach smachd-chios de'n dúthaigh,
Abaluidhe a's báirr gan aon treógh:
Do bhéidheadh marcuigheachd a g-cairtidhibh gan chántas,
Agus bairrin d'á thabhairt chúghainn ó'n móin.
'S gurab é ar searc-ghrinn do staraidhe mear láthmhar
A geobhaidh Caílin deas crúdhte na m-bó.

'S ná déanaidh mar Shéamus úd d'iompaidh
Le n-a ghaol ceart, gur umlaidh 'na bhróig.
'S gur faobhrach ghearra chléibh air shliochd Lidtair.
Nuair ghlaodhamsoid-ne ár air a g-cló;
Léimidh go h-eudtrom mear láthmhar,
Agus traochaidh na báirr gan aon treóir,
'S beidh Eire againn fein gan aon chántas
Agus meith-bhruic gan súghchas faoi bhrón.

Sé do bheatha féin chúghainn-ne le cúntas,
Chum an tréad atá a g-cúmhanghrádh faoi bhrún,
Air fud Eirionn faoi gheur-smachd ag búrraibh,
'S gan a m-béile aca air fúnn-cheart no treógh;
Acht saothar a n-géag n-geal dá úrstatha,
Aig bearaibh air bheirdionaibh leoghan
Agus téada d'á n-geur-cheangal dlúth,
A's d'á n-dsoradh gan chéla áig siosoin.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Cunard steamship Campania, which sailed from New York Dec. 15, landed passengers at Queenstown on Thursday night, Dec. 20; at Liverpool Friday morning, Dec. 21. Time, 5 days, 9 hours, 30 minutes.

RUDDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere. Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Rob't Stevenson & Co.; Morrison, Plummer & Co., and Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ill.

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but ride inside of the Electric-Lighted and Steam-Heated Vestibule Apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "for further particulars see small bills." Small bills (and large ones also) will be accepted for passage and sleeping-car tickets by all coupon ticket agents. For detailed information address George H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

CANDY. Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a sample retail box, by Express, of the best candies in America, put up in elegant boxes and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Express charges prepaid east of Denver. Refers to all Chicago R'y Agents. Address
CANDY. C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, CHICAGO.

FRANCIS J. NORTON,
ARCHITECT.
Masonic Temple.
Suites 1410-12. Chicago, Ill.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The First National Bank

OF CHICAGO.

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business Dec. 19, 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$17,882,230.77
Overdrafts		2,240.66
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
Bond premiums		2,437.71
U. S. bonds on hand		736,000.00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages		1,695,377.90
Bank building and other real estate		675,000.00
Due from other national banks	$2,840,195.76	
Due from State banks and bankers	1,301,623.82	
Checks and other cash items	36,450.74	
Exchanges for clearing house	1,611,959.23	
Bills of other banks	155,600.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies	1,961.59	
Specie	4,996,400.00	
Legal-tender notes	3,248,000.00	
U. S. certificates of deposits for legal tenders	500,000.00	
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2,250.00	
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund	31,000.00	
		14,725,241.14
Total		$35,568,686.20

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus fund		3,000,000.00
Undivided profits		316,134.82
Individual deposits subject to check	$12,614,733.40	
Demand certificates of deposit	1,120,484.55	
Certified checks	300,251.48	
Cashier's checks outstanding	139,251.37	
Due to other National banks	9,804,202.57	
Due to State banks and bankers	5,373,628.01	
		29,352,551.38
Total		$35,568,686.20

State of Illinois, Cook County, ss.:
I, R. J. Street, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief. R. J. STREET, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of December, 1894. OTTO KASTRUP, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest: LYMAN J. GAGE, EDWARD F. LAWRENCE, JAMES B. FORGAN, Directors.

CONDENSED REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, Dec. 19, 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 9,165,382.92
Overdrafts		23,326.83
U. S. bonds to secure circulation (par value)		50,000.00
U. S. bonds on hand (par value)		200,000.00
Other bonds		198,650.43
Real estate		44,320.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
CASH ASSETS—		
Cash	$3,428,399.71	
Due from banks and bankers	1,810,710.61	
Exchanges for clearing-house	445,723.72	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	5,684,834.04	
Total		$15,386,764.19

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus fund	1,000,000.00
Undivided profits	258,130.05
National bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Dividends unpaid	30,180.00
Deposits—	
Individual	$8,350,523.34
Banks	4,709,930.80
	13,060,454.14
Total	$15,388,764.19

OFFICERS:

GEORGE SCHNEIDER, President.
WALTER L. PECK, Vice-President.
WM. A. HAMMOND, 2d Vice-President.
CARL MOLL, Cashier.
HENRY D. FIELD, Assistant Cashier.
HENRY R. KENT, 2d Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE E. ADAMS, ROBT. E. JENKINS,
WM. A. HAMMOND, WM. R. PAGE,
S. B. COBB, WALTER L. PECK,
GEO. SCHNEIDER, CHAS. R. CORWITH,
WM. D. KERFOOT, ALB'RT A. MUNGER,
AUG. S. CAMPBELL.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK.

At the close of Business Dec. 19, 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts		$5,079,997.62
Overdrafts		19,860.78
U. S. bonds for		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		293,335.76
CASH ASSETS.		
Cash on hand	$2,190,360.92	
Due from banks	1,397,059.44	
Checks for Clearings	202,308.84	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	24,650.00	
		3,814,408.80
Total		$9,257,291.06

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$500,000.00
Surplus fund	500,000.00
Undivided profits	146,632.59
Dividends unpaid	30.00
Bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Individual deposits	$6,641,926.29
Due banks	1,423,702.18
	8,065,628.47
Total	$9,257,291.06

DIRECTORS:

F. MADLENER, J. R. WALSH.
C. K. G. BILLINGS, WM. BEST.
ANDREW M'NALLY, FERD W. PECK.
MAURICE ROSENFELD.

J. R. WALSH, President.
ANDREW M'NALLY, Vice-President.
F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.
T. M JACKSON, Asst. Cashier.

NOTICE OF MEETING

OF

Stockholders of Lemhi Mining, Milling and Reduction Company.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the Lemhi Mining, Milling and Reduction Company will be held at the Company's office, 519 Teutonic Building, Chicago, Ill., on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1895, the object of which meeting is to increase the capital stock of said company from $[illegible] to $1,000,000 and to provide funds for the liquidation of said company's debts.

HUGO I. PRATHER, Sec'y.
Chicago, Dec. [illegible], 1894.

FEEDING A MODERN SCIENTIST.

Placid I am, content, serene.
I take my slab of gypsum bread,
And chunks of oleomargarine
Upon its tasteless sides I spread.

The egg I eat was never laid
By any cackling, feathered hen.
But from the Lord knows what 'tis made
In Newark by unfeathered men.

I wash my simple breakfast down
With fragrant chicory so cheap,
Or with the last black tea in town—
Dried willow leaves—I calmly sleep.

But if from man's vile arts I flee
And drink pure water from the pump
I gulp down infusoriæ,
And hideous rotatoriæ,
And wriggling polygastricæ,
And slimy diatomaceæ,
And hard shelled orphryocercinæ,
And double barreled kolpodæ,
Nonloricated ambroeliæ,
And various animalculæ
Of middle, high and low degree,
For nature just beats all creation
In multiplied adulteration.
—Joseph A. Chapleau in Boston Herald.

IN THE CAVEHOUSES.

"No, senor, I will not go with you; neither will my people go with you. It is not good to go to the rock houses. Spirits have their walking place there—spirits of white men. The ghosts of our own people are not good, but the spirits of white men are devils."

That was the encouragement I received on setting out for my first summer's ethnological work among the cliff dwellings of New Mexico. It was the old headman of the pueblo, Ziacoto, who refused in this stately way to lend me any guides for the trip, and when he saw I was determined to go anyhow dismissed me with the cheerful warning, "When you are dead, let not your mother's spirit reproach me!"

I tried to find out how long the cliff dwellings were supposed to have been haunted, but the old fellow was uncommunicative. "How can I tell?" he answered. "Spirits live long. It is most likely they have been there many years. I myself have not seen them, but it is said that always evil spirits dwelt in the rock houses, and within a year they have walked. My people have seen them and died. It is not good to go there."

Of course I did not care anything for old Yellow Jacket's ghosts. I had heard often of the lost silver mine of the Tewan, and I supposed that this was one of the ways the Indians tried of keeping strangers out of the mountains and probably had told the same thing so often they had come to believe it themselves. But we set out for the cave dwellings nevertheless with an outfit of six, though none but the packers knew anything at all about the location of the dwellings, and they only by hearsay.

It was said that this set of cavehouses had never been visited by white men, and by the time we got to them I was well inclined to believe it. They were two days' travel up the main canyon of the Santa Cruz into the very heart of the mountains, and then another full day's crawl up through a little black box canyon, narrow as a knife blade and dark as a squaw's pocket, with only a thin blue line overhead where the sky came, and where you could almost see the stars in daytime.

Once out of the canyon, with the roar of the stream below still in our ears, we found ourselves almost in the middle of a big saucer shaped mesa, surrounded on three sides with mountains and dropping off sheer on the other to the valley of the Rio Grande. A good sized mountain torrent, swelled with the melting of the snows, cut across the plain and dropped into the crack in the earth out of which we had just crawled, and five miles away, cutting diagonally across the mesa, was a thick pine forest, and rising out of the center of that, pink in the light of the sunset and all the more vivid against the green of the forest beneath it, rose the long, straight wall of the cliff where we knew we should find the cave dwellings.

And, sure enough, next morning when we trotted up through the cool green of the pine woods, fresh with the smell of the dew still on it, there were the caves, hundreds and hundreds of them, carved out of the soft tufa cliff that on close inspection was yellow instead of pink. The top of the cliff was 80 or 100 feet high, a sheer outcrop of volcanic ash and pumice. But the straight wall in which the caves were cut was only the upper 40 or 50 feet of it, the base being buried in a broken mass of talus, sloping down at an angle of 40 degrees to the river that swept down along the foot of the slope like a mill race.

We put in a good day's work at the rock houses, which did not look as though they had ever been touched by a white man. Casey ran a base line for his survey and nearly dropped his rodman off the cliff doing it, for it was terribly steep in places.

By night there had come up a regular mountain thunderstorm, and for our own convenience we had moved into one of the rock houses and stabled the mules in another. It was as comfortable a camp as one could want in a storm, no possibility of the rain getting to us, while, perched, as we were, high up the cliff, the prospect out over the level top of the great pine forest was magnificent, the black and gray masses of clouds rolling down over the green of the woods, and the river far down below us plunging over the rocks and spouting up in white spray around the bend of the cliff.

The wind howled, and the rain came down straight and thick as telegraph wire, breaking into mist where it hit the rocks and pitting the swift moving current of the midstream. The thunder kept on booming like mountain batteries in the hills behind us and rolled and rattled like the crash of avalanches down the slope. Night had fallen, and the only light outside was the lightning that lit up the top of the forest and the mountains beyond with a pale, slaty light and turned the round doorway of the cave into the mouth of a great camera obscura.

But we were dry and comfortable. The fire threw up big, fanciful silhouettes of the party on the walls, while the smell of the frying bacon set the coyotes to howling mournfully outside, as though Fray Antonio and the hellhounds were out for a midnight foray sure enough. We did not mind the storm—rather enjoyed it, in fact—ate, smoked and told stories and finally, when the conversation had flagged, old Salts, one of the packers, turned to the other, a young man, with the remark, "Say, Rich, this must be pretty close to the place where you and Corelli had your walk around with the Navajoes last spring, ain't it?"

It was a good draw for a story, but Rich only growled something about it being "too d——d close" and then curled down on his blankets again and looked uncomfortable. Salts tried to draw him a little further, but, seeing he would not talk and as the boys wanted the story, himself told of how Rich, the past spring, had come near getting picked off by a roving party of Navajoes. Rich was in the cavalry at Wingate at the time and was close chums with Lon Corelli, a young half breed, the two being like brothers, except that they were in love with the same girl down in El Paso. The two had been sent down to Archuletta on courier duty by themselves, though old Colonel Douglass knew the Indians were restless, and Rich came back alone, nearly dead and looking like a ghost, to tell how, on the way back to the fort, they had had a two days' chase with a war party, and how Lon had been shot out of his saddle near the top of the Archuletta pass, and Rich himself had only got back after having his horse killed and wandering for two days in the hills without anything to eat. A searching party had been sent out after the body when the Indians had been rounded up, but though they searched the Rio Chico from the spot where Rich had seen the body go tumbling down the cliff into the river down the stream nearly to where the stream came out by the cave cliffs they could find no trace of it. This experience soured Rich on the service, and when his time was out he did not re-enlist, but married the girl he and Corelli had been jointly in love with and joined our outfit as a packer.

The storm got worse instead of better, but that did not trouble us, and the boys finally rolled up in their blankets. Rich, who was evidently uncomfortably stirred up by the recollection of Salts' story, but who had not said a word the whole time, got up and spread his blankets on the far side of the fire from the door, and though it was really not cold wrapped himself up, head and ears, and lay there like a log. The other fellows were smoking cigarettes, Mexican fashion, inside their blankets, but gradually the puffs of smoke died down, and the fire flickered and waned.

I must have been asleep, for I had a sort of half nightmare sensation of there being some one besides ourselves in the cave. There seemed to be a cold, damp draft directly off the water, and the embers of the fire shone a pale blue phosphorescent tint. There was not light enough for shadows, but I was dimly conscious that something, not some one, was moving and searching among us for something that it could not find. I felt all the weak helplessness of nightmare and the same oppressive terror of something that was going on within my presence, but beyond my power to control. I could feel the skin draw tight around my forehead, and there was that pricking sensation about the scalp, a lifting of the hair, that legacy of some faroff savage ancestor when man had more traits in common with the brutes. I could no more move than if a great weight had been on my chest, and there was a rumbling sound as of water in my ears.

Then, with a feeling of indefinable horror, I saw the blankets about Rich begin to unroll, not as though he were throwing them off, but with a creeping, amœboid motion, as though endowed with a life of their own. Then Rich himself began to rise, a sort of mechanical motion like a figure coming up through the trap of a theater. The pale light of the embers threw his face into ghastly lines and wrinkles, and on it there was stamped the same dumb terror that I could feel upon my own.

And still there persisted that feeling of another presence in the cave, though there was nothing definite in the moving shadows. On Rich's face there was a look of piteous appeal as he seemed to be dragged to his feet and drawn, mutely resisting, across the cave toward the door. I felt that he was being drawn to his death, as though some horrible fate awaited him on the threshold, but for the life of me I could not move a finger to save him, and the other sleeping figures lay still as death, all unmindful of what was going on.

The wind howled and the thunder boomed down the hollows of the cliff, and still Rich was dragged slowly, resisting, but scarcely struggling, toward the door. The lightning flashes lit up his agonized face like that of a prisoner on the rack, and his shadow writhed in the bright flashes against the wall. I could almost have sworn there were two shadows, but the dumb helplessness of half sleep confused me. There was something unreal and unnatural in it all, and yet, back of the terror of the moment, there seemed to hang a deeper horror of some tragedy that I could feel, but could not understand.

It was a second "Damnation of Faust" and I a helpless spectator on the edge of the Brocken, gazing in fascinated terror at the abyss into which at any moment I might myself be drawn. But it could not last. The strain was too intense. The shrinking figure reached the doorway, and I was almost prepared to see him struck down by an avenging blast of lightning, like the terrific stage effect in some great tragedy. But instead of that the lightning, which, though fitful, had been almost unceasing, died out into silent blackness. Only in the center of the cave the blue light of the embers seemed to float, like a death fire over an open grave, but gave neither light nor shadows. I lost sight of Rich, there was the sound of a struggle in the darkness, and then there broke out an agonized yell of pure animal terror.

The spell was broken. The half light of the fire—red, warm and grateful—filled the cave again. The boys started from their blankets, guns in hand, and I found myself bending over Rich, who was lying insensible in the doorway. I was dripping with cold sweat, and he was white and cold as a corpse, with the blood running from a big cut in his forehead, where he had fallen against the rock doorway.

The storm had passed over, and the thunder was growling off on the far side of the Rio Grande, while the rocks outside were still wet and dripping with the rain. But the moon was breaking through the clouds, and the air smelled fresh and cool. The boys wanted to know what was the matter, but I hardly knew whether my part in the uncanny scene had been more than a dream, so I told them I did not know, except that I had had the nightmare, and Rich seemed to have been walking in his sleep. But he seemed to be pretty well used up by his fall, and it took a liberal drenching with water and allopathic doses of whisky to put any life into him.

The next morning he was half delirious, with a high fever, and had to be left in the cliffhouse while the rest of the party went out to work. Howard was something of a doctor and did the best he could for him, and when night came and the boys had got supper Rich ate a little something and dropped off to sleep. I had gone to sleep, too, glad enough that his case had turned out no worse than it was, for there had been something truly awful in the way his illness had come about. I had not spoken to any one but Ned Howard about the true story of our joint nightmare experience, and he had only said "Humph!" and let the matter drop.

It must have been past midnight when I was waked by the sound of shots outside, and old Salts shook me, saying: "For God's sake, Cap, get up! Rich's loose, and he's gone plumb locoed!" I rolled out of my blankets and started for the door, but the old packer held me back. "Look out," he whispered; "he's crazy as a loon, and he's shooting up the rock houses."

As I looked out another shot sounded, and, peering from the shelter of the doorway, I saw Rich about 25 yards away, crouching in an angle of the cliff, with a pair of revolvers in his hands, apparently trying to keep off some invisible assailant who was hovering in front of him. He was yelling some warning at the top of his voice and now and then letting fly a shot.

It was a terribly nerve trying sight, the half dressed madman there in the moonlight, battling with his invisible foes. It was so sudden too. And then there recurred to me the scene in the cave the night before, the agonized look of terror on the young fellow's face that till that moment I had more than half believed was a figment of my own imagination. The madness was, then, not so sudden, but had been coming on all that time, perhaps aggravated by the ghastly stories told the night before about the fire.

The thought had hardly flashed across my mind when he emptied the last shot from his pistols. He snapped them once or twice, hesitated, and then, like a man driven desperately to bay, threw them at something in front of him, and dodging as though from some terrible pursuer came racing up the cliff like a hunted jack rabbit. It was a horrible, broken path, strewn with bowlders. On the one hand rose the straight wall of the cliff, and on the other was the broken slope of the talus running down 50 feet to the water below. A slip on the edge would mean death. We yelled to the fugitive, but he did not heed us and bounded along from bowlder to bowlder on the very edge of the cliff, sometimes looking back and shaking his fist, and again gathering himself for a spring, like a mountain sheep, and skimming along at racing speed where it would be hard to walk even in daytime.

He passed us like a flash and was gone along the terrace, yelling like a madman, now plainly visible in the bright patches of moonlight and again lost in the shadows. We followed in hope of bringing him back, but it was like chasing a night hawk. The other boys were also out and joined in the chase.

"Did you see it, cap?" panted old Salts as we raced along the ledge, with the wild figure of Rich dancing ahead of us.

"See what?" I snapped angrily, for I guessed what he meant, but did not want to own it.

"The other thing, the— By God, cap, I can see it now. It's follerin him."

But just then the runner stopped and threw up his hands. The cliff bent a sharp angle and ran straight across his path. He was 100 yards away, but we could see him double and turn this way and that, seeking a place of escape, springing up and clutching the smooth face of the cliff, like a rat in a water bucket, trying every direction but the open path behind him that seemed to be blocked by some horrible but to us invisible shape. And then, to our horror, he faced toward us, and with his back to the cliff, fighting desperately with his hands at something in front of him, he began to edge out along a narrow ledge that ran out and overhung the water.

We yelled to him with all our strength and redoubled our speed, but he did not seem to hear, and fighting frantically at something that seemed to be grappling at his throat he staggered back step by step toward the edge, and then, borne down as though by some powerful antagonist, he sank to his knees on the very edge of the rock, swayed, and with a wild scream toppled over backward, clutching at the air, turning and writhing in his fall, over and over and down, striking a projecting ledge and bounding off into deep water with a seething ruck of bubbles and foam that swept down and was lost in the current.

We picked our way down the talus to the water in the faint hope of recovering the body. Salts peered out around the corner of the cliff, stepping on what seemed to be a log, but it gave under his foot, and he drew back with an oath. There in the still water formed by the eddy, bobbing up and down where his foot had set it in motion, was a bloated corpse, months old, caught in the tangle of bushes growing in the slack water. It had apparently been kept only by the ice cold water. The face was horrible and beyond recognition even in the bright moonlight, while the very clothes looked bleached and wan from their long immersion. It was a soldier, for it wore the long blue overcoat and cavalry boots, but when we tried to lift it the cloth came away in handfuls like wet blotting paper. Salts turned it over with a stick, and as the long black matted hair came into view, and in the ear a tiny gold earring, he exclaimed: "Lon Corelli! He's floated down stream here and lodged."

"But what's he doing here?" I exclaimed half resentfully, as though the presence of the corpse had something to do with the horrible scene we had just been witnessing.

Salts said nothing, but worked his stick as a lever, and the thing in the water rolled over sluggishly, bringing the broad back to view, and there, sticking behind the shoulder blade, was a silver mounted dirk.

The old packer stooped and drew it out and turned it over in the bright moonlight. Then he pointed to some lettering on the handle and jerked his head toward the middle of the river.

"It's his knife," said he.—John W. Mitchell in San Francisco Argonaut.

The Immortal Washington.

The following remarkable "essay" on George Washington was written by a girl in a secondary class of one of the public schools of Philadelphia, according to The Ledger of that city. It was meant seriously:

"I will tell you the story in history of George Washington. Georgo Washington was born Feb. 12, 1726.

"He was educated at West Point, and after graduating served in the Mexican war.

"When the French and Indian war broke out, he was made captain and general and major and performed many imported services.

"In 1759 He rezined and married Mrs. Martha Acusta, and went to live on his estate at Mt. Vernon. In the Virginia legislature, of which he was a member, he took the part against the oppression of England. In 1843 he was elected president of congress and took an active part in public affairs. He fought many battles and finally captured General Lee and his whole army, April 9, 1865. He finally surrendered at Yorktown, under Lord Cornwallis, and the war ended 1760. Thus he owes the liberty to us, and he is called the father of this country. The constitution having been adapted, George Washington was made president of the United States. He served two terms, but refused to serve a third term, having taken a severe cold from a ride in the rain. He died at Mt. Vernon, aged 67 years."

All Names For Bicycles.

Here is an amusing linguistic consultation on the subject of the denomination of the velocipede in different languages: In French it was called celerifere and velocifere. Then came the words bicycle, bicyclette, velce and velo. The word became, which has also been given to it, is taken from the Argot. Its etymology is unknown. It signifies simply machine.

In Italian it is called velocifero, velocipede and bicicletta; the same in Spanish.

In Germany it is farrad or simply rad, just as in English they say "wheel." The Chinese call it sometimes "gaugma," which means "foreign horse," and sometimes "fei chai" "flying machine." They also call it "tzu tzun," "carriage that goes without horse." But the palm must be given to the Flemish. In addition to the appellations "snelwiel," "voetwiel," and so forth, some of the wags on the banks of the Escault have baptized this winged contraption with the centiped name, "Gewielsnelrijvoettrappeudneusbrekergestel!"—Courier des Etats-Unis.

Where Sheridan Took His Dram.

Fox's room and Sheridan's room are still honorably distinguished at Holland House in England. The latter was a constant guest, and a little story is told about him which suggests a doubt whether Lord Holland's cellar was altogether worthy of his reputation as a Mæcenas. Opposite the house, but within the limits of Kensington High street, stood and still stands a tavern known as the Adam and Eve. It has recently been rebuilt and modernized, but not long ago it presented a quaint, old fashioned appearance which carried it back to the date of the regency. In leaving Holland House Sheridan invariably called for a dram at the Adam and Eve and as regularly "chalked it up" to Lord Holland.

The landlord, proud of his distinguished guest, did not trouble his lordship about the matter till several years had elapsed and the score had reached a somewhat heavy amount, which Lord Holland discharged with a wry face.—New York Advertiser.

Worn Out.

Even a judge's patience is not inexhaustible, if some of the stories told of certain lights of the legal profession are to be credited.

In a western court not long ago a tiresome lawyer had been trying for more than two hours to impress upon the jury the facts of the case as they appeared to him. At last he glanced at his watch, and turning to the judge asked:

"Had we better adjourn for dinner, or shall I keep right on?"

"Oh, you keep on," answered the judge, "keep right on, and we will go to dinner."—Youth's Companion.

STILL OLD NEW YORK

QUAINT LITTLE TUCKED UP SHOPS OF HUDSON STREET.

A Locality Which Has the Characteristics of an English Country Town, and Links the New York of Today With the New York of Ninety Years Ago.

Time has dealt less hardly with Varick and Hudson streets than with any other part of New York, barring the lanes and twisting thoroughfares of Greenwich village. The elevated railroad and the march of progress have both passed them by, and the real estate agent and the builder and contractor have not yet laid plans to Haussmannize them out of existence or out of all likeness to their quaint old selves. This cannot be for long, however, and already the new order of things, huge business blocks and crowded tenements, is pushing up Hudson street from Chambers to Harrison at the one end and down it for a block or two, where it runs into Ninth avenue at Thirteenth street. But between Abingdon square and Vestry street Hudson street retains its characteristics almost unchanged since it was opened up, and a prowl about this part of its length will give one an excellent idea of how people lived and traded when the century was just able to walk alone. This seems all the more astonishing because Hudson street is an unusually wide thoroughfare and furnishes direct communication between the wholesale quarter of the south and west and the crowded living quarter of the middle west.

Hudson street is no more like the New York of today than an English tavern is like the New Netherlands hotel. In fact, there is a distinctly old world atmosphere about the place, and if sections of Hudson street were to be photographed and labeled "Street Scene In Bristol" or "In Exeter" or "In Dundee" there is no one that would dispute the legend. So, too, it would be out of all keeping to call the stores anything else than shops. They are just plain, cozy, tucked up little old fashioned shops, where the stock in trade and the customers are so crowded together that two or three people will crowd the place, and where you can sit at the short scrap of counter and literally put your hand on just what you want. There is no need for a stepladder in these shops. The salespeople just reach up easily and take down anything that is needed, while the ceilings are so low that you instinctively feel like ducking when you open the door, with its little jangling bell, and when, in fact, you can sweep the plaster with your outstretched hand. There is generally, too, an unnoticed step down into the shop at the junction of the doors, over which you plunge headlong in the dear old fashioned breakneck way. There is no need of clerks in these stores. The proprietor and one assistant can look after all the customers that can be accommodated at one time, and sometimes all the business is transacted by a comfortable and rotund old lady who rolls her way slowly down the floury lanes between the piles of mill truck or comes up slowly on a starboard tack and lies to beside the open tubs of salt mackerel and pungent bloaters.

Some of the progressive shopkeepers and one or two of the younger people have put plate glass into their windows, but most of the places are still lighted with sashes filled with many small panes of glass. Nine and twelve lights to the window are quite common, and there is one weather worn place on a corner where each window has 15 little panes of glass, and where you can stand on the sidewalk and look in through the top row, as was the proper thing when New York thought that French plate for American light was as foolishly foreign as French songs for an American audience. These are the windows that one sees in cuts where the passersby are shown in scuttle bonnets and pelisses if they are ladies, and in bell topped hats and strapped trousers if they are men.

There is a distinctly old time and old country character about what is sold in the shops as well as about the shops themselves. In the bakers' shops, for instance, one sees the old "mansion loaf," Scottish scones and English currant cake. The candy shops sell "sweet tuck" and "lollicops." The "tonsorial artist" calls himself squarely a "hair cutter," and the furniture man carries heavy mahogany tables, high marble topped bureaus and four post beds in stock, not as secondhand goods, but as the proper thing for present use.

Here one may find the real English chophouses and grillrooms, dull little places where you pick out your steak and can if you choose stand and see it broiled over an open fire of live coals built up in huge brick ranges, and where the great brown ware teapots are kept hot on the hob, with Rebecca and the well both glowing in the firelight. In one place, too, is an old fashioned "dresser" on which are ranged blue and white crockery, as though you were taking your meals cheerily and without formality in the kitchen, which, by the way, is where things always taste the best.

Between the boundaries indicated there is not a tall, reeking and thronged tenement to be seen. There is a good deal of boarding and lodging, to be sure, but there is also a good deal of that rarity in New York, home life—that is, the single family occupation of the whole house. This is largely possible down here because of the remarkable conservation of the cozy little two story red brick houses which are so characteristic of the period when the quarter was laid out. Here and there on Bond and Delancey and Thompson streets these tiny Noah's ark houses are to be met with, but they are only the dingy and dirty indications of what they were—house tramps, so to speak—while on Hudson street they are to be found by the block, still as trim and neat and warmly red as when they were put up.—New York Sun.

SEE NO JOKE IN CORRUPTION.

English People Unable to Understand the Apathy of Americans.

The delight of being a nation, and a very big nation at that, has not yet with us lost all the charm of novelty, and we pelt one another with ridicule after the joyously aggressive fashion of schoolboys pelting one another with snowballs. Already there is a vast array of seasoned and recognized jokes which are leveled against every city in the land. The culture of Boston, the slowness of Philadelphia, the ostentation of New York, the arrogance and ambition of Chicago, the mutual jealousy of Minneapolis and St. Paul—these are themes of which the American satirist never wearies; these are characteristics which he has striven, with some degree of success, to make clear to the rest of mankind. Add to them our less justifiable diversion at official corruption and mismanagement, our glee over the blunders and rascalities of the men whom we permit to govern us, and we have the curious combination of keenness and apathy, of penetration and indifference, which makes possible American humor.

Now, Englishmen, however prone to laugh at their own foibles, do not, as a rule, take their own politics lightly. Those whom I have known were most depressingly serious when discussing the situation with friends and most disagreeably violent when by chance they met an opponent. Neither do they see anything funny in being robbed by corporations, but, with discouraging and unhumorous tenacity, exact payment of the last farthing of debt, fulfillment of the last clause in a charter. Our lenity in such matters is a trait which they fail to understand and are disinclined to envy. One of the most amusing scenes I ever witnessed was an altercation between an exceedingly clever English woman, who for years has taken a lively part in public measures, and a country woman of my own, deeply imbued with that gentle pessimism which insures contentment and bars reform. The subject under discussion was the street car service of Philadelphia, which would have been primitive for Asia Minor, and the English woman was expressing in no measured terms her amazement at such comprehensive and unqualified inefficiency.

In vain my American friend explained to her that this car service was one of the most diverting things about our Quaker City; that it represented one of those humorous details which gave Philadelphia its distinctly local color. The English woman declined to be amused. "I do not understand you in the least," she said gravely. "You have a beautiful city, of which you should be proud. You have disgraceful streets and trams, of which you should be ashamed. Yet you ridicule your city as if you were ashamed of that and defend your trams as if you were proud of them. If you think it funny to be imposed on, you will never be at a loss for a joke."—Cozy Hours.

Impromptu Maps.

The "cat" and the "pig" books, designed to record people's impressions of those interesting animals, each person to draw his own without being allowed a glimpse of any one else's work, has an amusing companion in a geography sketchbook. In this one's friends are to record, in a rapid, offhand drawing, their best recollections of certain very familiar outlines, such as the coast of Massachusetts or Italy or England or North America. To be even fairly correct is difficult and rare if one is long past daily geography lessons. The five great lakes of North America is one of the best tasks to set, this to be drawn in outline with at least the larger bays and connections indicated, all to be done without seeing, first, any other sketch or map. A correct map should accompany the book for easy reference and comparison with the amateur work. The curiously vague, droll mental maps that one's friends carry about with them, thus revealed, are funnier than even the sea serpent's portraits in the "Sea Serpent; His Album." I have known more than one person to stop short at a mere "round O" for the first lake which seemed to lead nowhere, the other four having neither shape nor substance in the puzzled artist's vision.—Philadelphia Times.

A Generous Miser.

A great many years ago there resided in Marseilles an old man named Guyot. He was known to every inhabitant, and every urchin in the street could point him out as a niggard in his dealings and a wretch of the utmost penury in his habits of life. From his boyhood this old man had lived in the city of Marseilles, and although the people treated him with scorn and hatred nothing would induce him to leave it.

When he walked the street, he was followed by a crowd of hooting boys, who often threw stones and mud at him. There was no one to speak a kind word in his favor. He was regarded by all as an avaricious old miser whose life was devoted to hoarding up gold. At last the old man died, and it was found that he had lain up a great fortune. He left a will which read: "Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can only be procured at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property shall be expended in building an aqueduct for their use."—Philadelphia Press.

Life In India.

Missionary work among "India's coral strands" may be very inspiring, but Miss Coombs, a Maine woman who has been engaged in the work for 11 years, says there are times when that is not its most prominent feature. Lights are kept burning all night because of the too social habits of centipeds, scorpions and cobras. Snakes live in the walls of old houses as rats do here, and at night they come out and prowl around. Altogether animal nature seems rather lively to the foreign missionaries

STORY OF A WEDDING.

And a Present That Turned Out to Be a White Elephant.

I know a man named Jack Barnes, who was married one Thanksgiving day, writes Howard Fielding in the Boston Herald. His wife had quite a number of rich relations. One of them was in the furniture business. His present was undoubtedly the handsomest of all. It was a mahogany bedstead big enough for a Mormon elder and carved in the highest style of the art. The happy couple were enraptured when they saw it. The exhibition occurred in the store of the furniture man, for of course such a thing couldn't be sent to the bride's father's house like a sugar spoon in a box. An expressman who subsequently moved the bedstead told me that it weighed nine tons, but I think he exaggerated. Moreover, it was certainly as massive a piece of furniture as ever I saw. On this account perhaps the generous donor had been unable to sell it and had had it lumbering up his salesroom until he had grown sick of the sight of it.

The bridegroom gave directions for its removal to the Harlem flat. He then thanked his wife's uncle for this magnificent gift with tears in his eyes.

When Mr. and Mrs. Barnes returned from their wedding journey, they found the mahogany bed already established in their flat. They knew it was there, because they were unable to open the parlor door. The bed was inside, and there was an alley a foot wide all the way around it between it and the wall. This may seem improbable to a person who does not know much about New York flats of the $40 a month grade, but the sophisticated will only wonder that the bed got in there at all. I am told that the men who set it up had to climb out of a window afterward, but I think this is an exaggeration, because the tall, carved bedboard entirely covered the two windows and thus cast a gloom over the otherwise happy home. They found the furniture which had previously been in the parlor divided between two bedrooms and completely filling them.

Housekeeping under these circumstances was not what this young woman had been led to expect. In 24 hours she had demanded a larger flat. Mr. Barnes went flat hunting. The adventures of the Wandering Jew are a mere stroll compared to those of the flat hunter in New York. Jack was looking for a bedroom big enough to hold the mahogany bedstead. He tells me that this piece of furniture was so big that he could hardly carry a memorandum of its dimensions in his largest overcoat pocket.

Reasonable Request.

Mrs. Williams always asserted that whenever her husband proffered a reasonable request she complied with it as promptly as possible. When asked on one occasion what she meant by this reservation, she said, with a laugh:

"Well, once in awhile Mr. Williams makes what I call an unreasonable request. For instance, he came home a few days ago and said he had seen a woman on the street whose dress he admired, and he wished I would have one made just like it.

"'Tell me how it was made, and I certainly will,' I answered.

"'Oh, it is very simple,' he began. 'The color was—well, it was one of those mixed goods, you know—brown, I should say, or a sort of yellowish gray, with a figure of some sort, a spot or perhaps a small stripe, or it might have been a check. It was made with a skirt—just one skirt, I think—and it had a ruffling or a band or a—a—something to brighten it a little here and there, more toward the bottom, I should say than the top, though I think there was a little ornamentation of some sort around the top too.

"'And the waist or jacket, or whatever you choose to call it, that was perfectly plain, I think, except that there were a few frills about it and a contrivance of some sort about the neck—nothing elaborate at all, but just what would look neat and appropriate. I wonder if you catch my idea?' he inquired as he finished this lucid description.

"Now, that was one of Mr. Williams' requests which I found it really impossible to grant."—Youth's Companion.

Regardless of Punctuation.

The boy who sells the cheap songbooks in front of the variety theater is a wonder in his way. He talks at lightning speed and mixes the titles beautifully. Here is what you hear him say as the crowd is pouring out: "Take 'em along the songbooks here the latest and most popular songs the day all the songs sung in the show her golden hair was hanging down her back the fatal wedding Mollie Newell and Maggie Mooney I don't want to play in your yard if you won't be good to me O Mrs. O'Flaherty you sat down upon me hat still the dance goes on she's my sweetheart we kept it up till Sunday morning they're all the songs sung in the show words and music remember and there a dime 10 cents still his whiskers grew hit 'im again they're 10 cents."—Chicago Record.

Weeks Versus Years.

He (five weeks after marriage)—I have brought you a birthday present, my angel—a diamond necklace, which, however, will pale before the brightness of your eyes.

He (five years after marriage)—I have brought you a birthday present—an ash receiver.

She—But, my dear, I do not smoke cigars.

He—N-o, but if you have an ash receiver for me to put my cigar ashes in it will save you the trouble of sweeping them up, you know.—New York Weekly.

His View of It.

Teacher (to Bainbridge street boy)—Now, if you have a meal at 12 o'clock, what do you call it?

"Luck," said the boy.—Philadelphia Record.

THE BOWLDER WAS ALIVE.

An Apache Stratagem That Nearly Cost a Government Courier His Life.

"Talking of Indians and their stratagems," said D. A. Marston, lately of the United States cavalry, "they are past masters in the arts of skulking and deceiving. An Apache will lie behind a soapweed on the open prairie, and you may ride past 200 or 300 yards away and never have an idea that there is a redskin within 50 miles of you unless he decides to risk a shot at you. As you pass the soapweed he works his body around so as to keep it always in line with the plant and you. Even on the open prairie, with no more shelter than that afforded by some little inequality of surface, he will sift dust over his body, flatten himself out, face downward, against the ground, and lying as motionless as a stone will escape the observation of any except sharp and practiced eyes. Sometimes in a group of cactus or Spanish bayonet, his buckskin garments blending with the hues of the plants, his face and neck concealed by the head of a Spanish bayonet, he will stand like a post, indistinguishable to the inexperienced eye, even at close quarters, from the grotesque plants about him.

"A queer experience of this kind occurred to me in my service in Arizona during General Crook's last campaign against the Apaches. Tom Merriam of my troop and myself were detailed to carry dispatches from Camp Bowie to Camp Grant, up on the Rio Benito. It was a dangerous service at that time, and we had to keep a sharp lookout and be ready to fight or run at a moment's notice, for there was no knowing at what point on the route the Apaches might not be lying in wait to jump us as we came along.

"We were on our return to Camp Bowie and had just crossed the wooded canyon where the cold spring is and were coming out upon the open prairie that stretches down to the San Pedro river, when through the branches of a low tree I saw what I took to be an Indian on the plain, about a half mile ahead. But on spurring my horse forward so as to get a better look nothing was to be seen save the bare prairie, with no sign of man or beast upon its expense.

"As we rode along I spoke of the matter to Tom, who laughed at what he called my scare, which he said caused me to see imaginary Indians. We came opposite a low, gray bowlder upon the prairie 200 paces or so from the trail.

"'I don't remember ever to have seen that rock before,' said Tom, who had been over the route several times. 'How in the devil did it get there? I'll ride over and take a look at it!' And he reined his horse and rode toward the object. I followed him, a few yards behind.

"His horse had scarcely taken a dozen steps when the seeming gray rock moved slightly upward, and there came from its lower edge a flash and report with the scream of a big caliber ball that flapped Tom's coat with its wind and caused his horse to plunge so suddenly that Tom, one of the best riders in the troop, not being on the lookout for such a happening, was thrown. At the same instant an Apache leaped from beneath the gray blanket that had served him to masquerade as a bowlder and ran like a deer for the canyon, leaping to left and right as he went to avoid the shots that Tom and I sent after him from our repeating carbines.

"We knocked up the dust about his feet and made him do some tall dodging to the whistling of our bullets, but that was all, for we didn't hit him. To have chased him would have been folly, first, because we were bearing dispatches in haste and needed the last ounce of reserve force in our horses, and, secondly, because with the start he had we should not have overhauled him in his run for the canyon, into which we could not have followed him. So we took the trail again and rode our way with another wrinkle added to our experience of Indian trickery and cussedness."—New York Sun.

Terrible Torture In Marocco.

A charge had been laid at Mulai Omar's door—that of having ordered the music of the drums and fifes to cease on the occasion of the announcement of Mulai Abdul Aziz's succession to the throne. On the players refusing, his highness sent a slave, who enforced silence by splitting up the drums with a dagger. For this act of treason he was afterward punished by having the flesh of his hand sliced, the wound filled with salt and the whole hand sewed up in leather.

It is a common belief that this punishment causes mortification to set in, and that the hand decomposes, but such is not the case, for by the time the leather wears off the wound is healed, the result being that the hand is rendered useless and remains closed forever. It is a punishment not often in use, but is sometimes done in cases of murder or constant theft, as, without in any way injuring the health of the man, it prevents his committing the crime a second time or for the hundredth time, as the case may be. It is a punishment that cannot be applied except by the sultan's orders.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Poorly Shod.

A business man has in his employ one of those quick witted sons of Erin who are rarely if ever at a loss for a bright rejoinder.

One day when the streets were very slippery with ice a truckman tried to get up to the gentleman's door with a heavy load. The horses, having no corks on their shoes, struggled and slipped about in a desperate way without making any real progress.

The good humored Irishman went out and endeavored to assist the truckman. At last, when it seemed as if their united efforts were all in vain, Pat looked up at the man and said, with a grin:

"It's no use. Thim haarses av yures have nary a shoe thim—only shlippers!"—Youth's Companion.

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Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

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Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth av; Michael Reilly, V-P; M D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33d st; James Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mr. Hardin, Treas. Meet at 448 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 3 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5020 Dryer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2991 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3091 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—John Clarke, Pres, 1726 Prairie av; Thomas Winters, V-P; P J Lyng, Rec Sec, 3130 Shields av; Ed J O'Donnell, Fin Sec; Thomas Walsh, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, the 2d th of each month.

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Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5822 Justine st; James Took, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1609 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, 5252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John G Driscoll, Rec Sec, Jas Moreland, Jr, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

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Div 20—Joseph C Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Albambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Calumet av.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1353 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4116 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 25—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4654 Wentworth av; Thos Killonghy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Reelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

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Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 3d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

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Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riley, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 685 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson sts.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Cybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; Treas, T J M Rienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3803 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Hendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5342 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 8300 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2033 Archer av; F S, P DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John F Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Berry. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 208 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in school hall.

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MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
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We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE. PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 184.

No. 184 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case.....$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH. MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
FORT DEARBORN NATIONAL BANK,
CHICAGO,
At the Close of Business Dec. 19, 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$1,548,013 88
Overdrafts		77 77
Due from U. S. Treasurer, 5 per cent fund		2,250.00
Real estate		14,724 31
Premiums on U. S. bonds		32,687.50
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
U. S. bonds to secure deposits		250,000.00
Other bonds	$471,276.25	
Due from banks	142,538.30	
Cash and Clearing House checks	684,671.29	1,298,485.84
		$3,196,239.33

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 500,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided profits	15,563.54
Dividends unpaid	45.00
Circulation outstanding	44,500.00
Deposits	2,536,130.79
	$3,196,239.33

OFFICERS.

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J. H. WITBECK, Vice President.
L. A. GODDARD, Cashier.
CHAS. H. M'GRATH, Asst. Cashier.

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ESTATE OF CATHERINE SCHMITZ, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine Schmitz, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1895, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, December 12, 1894.
PETER SCHMITZ, Administrator.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 910 SCHILLER BUILDING, CHICAGO.

ESTATE OF THOMAS RYAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Thomas Ryan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1895, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, December 12, 1894.
MICHAEL RYAN, Administrator.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

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